THE COMMONWEAL

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THE HAMMER OF BIGOTRY

NO SUBJECT has been more keenly and hotly debated in the course of the presidential campaign than Al Smith's "bigotry" speeches at Newark and Boston. The first speech burst like a bomb; it was an explosion of passionate emotion. Its political effects and results were immediately placed foremost by those seeking to judge it. Republican spokesmen, though uncertain and wavering in their opinions, sought to interpret the matter in a sense favorable to their own cause. Democratic spokesmen were silent, or else they attempted to defend the speech—or at least, to defend Mr. Smith for making it—and to claim party advantage from it on the ground that after all the speaker was at last fighting openly on behalf of his own party and would win for it the belated but welcome allegiance of the great body of his personal followers who had been threatening to bolt the national ticket. But this claim was not a convincing one even for those who were hopeful that it was sound. During the time between the Newark speech and the one in Boston, Republican confidence that the long delayed entrance of Mr. Smith into the campaign was working to the advantage of the Republicans grew strong, and the Democratic doubt and bewilderment increased.

But neither side—in particular, neither group of professional political leaders of the parties—had appreciated the character, and the personal genius, of the man they were discussing. They did not realize his greatness of soul. Perhaps they never will, because such men are too much engrossed in the tactics and the strategy of politics to know much about the deep, powerful, spiritual principles which politics seek to implement, and which at rare moments in history are grasped and expressed by a few individuals whose names shine like stars (either of wrath and evil, or of hope and benediction) amidst the murky atmosphere of political history. But their children will know that Alfred E. Smith is among the number of such great men. He wrote his name securely on that list in his Boston speech. Newark cleared his bosom of much very human but perilous stuff. Boston expressed his strong and manly and practically Catholic soul. In both places he spoke the truth, frankly, fearlessly, coarsely, if you will. In Newark, that truth was personal. He had suffered as few men have been made to suffer, and he struck back at those chiefly responsible for his sufferings. In Boston, the truth he uttered was lifted above his personal lot: he spoke for the

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Catholic body as a whole, and what he said will pass permanently into the records of high American patriotism:

"Now, I say this, two wrongs never made a right. They [the fomenters of bigotry for political purposes] were absolutely wrong in 1928. They forgot the principles upon which this country was established and because of which she has flourished, but do not let us forget them.

"There can be no bigotry and there can be no resentment in the Catholic heart. It can't be there. We have been taught, and it is impossible for us to divorce ourselves from it, that our first consideration is this country.

"We were taught in our elementary schools that Almighty God Himself made this country and hid it behind a veil for centuries until civilization was able to take advantage of its great natural resources, and he allowed the proud Santa Maria to pierce the veil that the United States may be open to the world as a haven of refuge and a harbor of repose for the downtrodden, the poor and the oppressed of every land.

"It is in that way that we view this country. It is because of that that we give it our allegiance. It is because of that that we give it our loyalty and our devotion, and no cross-current of political issues will ever take it away from us . . ."

It was this passage of Smith's Boston speech which will be remembered, and which forever in this country will help to maintain and strengthen and develop the great truth which it states in such simple words. That truth was meant for Al Smith's fellow Catholics; but it was a catholic utterance in another sense: it was universal in its application to the political and social life of the nation. Two wrongs never make a right. A platitude. A copy-book maxim. The sort of thing thousands of politicians, and clergymen, and school teachers, and editorial writers, glibly speak, or preach, or teach, or write—and which remains true in spite of being so rubber-stamped and stereotyped unto boredom and derision. Yes, the truth is there: but it does not live until a man arises who is its living expression. Such a man is Alfred Emanuel Smith.

In the pages of this journal during the campaign of 1928, we did not fall into the error of believing or saying that Al Smith was being fought so viciously, and mainly, only because he was a Catholic. Other and quite legitimate reasons played their part in due proportion. But we never blinked the sadly apparent fact that powerful leaders in both the Republican and Democratic parties did use the suspicion of and the unfounded hatred for the Catholic Church as a weapon against Mr. Smith—and by unmistakable inference, against all American Catholics. We believed, and said, that such a course of action was dangerous in an extreme degree. And in no way could it be more dangerous than by causing Catholics to feel themselves justified in using the same double-edged and poison-dyed blade—a weapon bound to injure the one who uses it more than ever (in the long run) it can harm the one against whom it may be wielded. We believed, and we said, that, in any case, the mass of prejudice, suspicion and fear which has existed for centuries, and which still persists, was losing its potency, was surely dying out of the American mind and soul. We believed, and said—and still we hold that view—that Catholics themselves can do more, simply by living up to the obligations of charity, and forbearance, and patience, and justice, of their religion, to make their nation safe for religious liberty—for all: for Jew, and Gentile, and Christian alike—than can any amount of human indignation, and natural resentment, expressed when they become the victims of such an outburst as that of 1928. It is their task to meet all charges against their faith—from seriously doctrinal, honestly philosophical, charges, down to the crazily fantastic nightmares of bigotry—as Catholics, not merely as irritated, or peevish, or supercilious, or insulted, or narrow-minded, men and women. On the anvil of his Boston speech, the mighty Smith reforged anew in the fire of his own love for his country, that weapon of the truth which is the only weapon which can win against all others—the Cross. Out of the pains of persecution, limited, to be sure, but most real, from the rack of misrepresentation and calumny, Al Smith has come forth tempered like tested steel, purged of resentment, great-hearted in spite of all lost illusions, to teach all his countrymen, but Catholics first, that in the life of a nation of free men living under the laws which free men obey because they are just, two wrongs can never make a right—and the unity and peace of the people depend upon the acceptance and practical use of that fundamental principle of civilization.

WEEK BY WEEK

A DAY always has twenty-four complete hours during a political campaign, and this summary of events must be written just after the President brought Republican activities to the boiling point with a New York address. The past week has been rich in fighting. A candidate actively speaking and toiling in his own behalf is a spectacle far different from that of a candidate keeping silent; and it is clear that Mr. Hoover was, particularly at Indianapolis, an aggressive and interesting figure. Now the nation ought to be aware of the principles and policies upon which the administration has relied during four difficult years. Reaffirming his faith in a high protective tariff and sound money, the President made a vigorous plea for those Republican policies which, in his opinion, have demonstrated their value over a long period of years. He appealed hopefully to the conservatism of the nation: "If there shall be no change in the strategy of this battle, if there shall be no delay and no hesitation, we shall have the restoration of men and women to their normal jobs and lift agricul-

As the Campaign Ends

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ture from its anxieties and losses." In 1928 the Republican party based its appeal to the people on hope; in 1932 it has capitalized upon what the public fears. None of us are likely to doubt that the campaign strategy of the G. O. P. is based upon experience and insight into the political mind.

BUT IF the polls should all be proved wrong and Mr. Hoover be returned to office, not even the most stout-hearted believer in "safety first" can look into the future with much equanimity. Problems are not solved even by refusing to pay the soldier's bonus. And, whatever happens in the presidential campaign, no political observer of whom we have knowledge doubts that the next Congress will be a vastly more "proletarian minded" organization than was the last. The humble candidate in Higgenbotham, Pennsylvania, must assure his compatriots who are doing without shoes and butter that something will be done in their behalf; and woe betide *him* if he should magnanimously specialize in tariff schedules and forget the folks at home. It has been said again and again, largely to no avail, that the American people gravely overestimate the importance of the presidential office, and ominously undervalue the significance of congressional elections. It is our bet that next November Mr. Hoover will have his hands fuller than he ever imagined they could be. And should he be superseded by Governor Roosevelt, that reflective gentleman will discover in his turn that Capitol Hill can erupt like any old-fashioned volcano.

THAT the MacDonald Cabinet has on its hands enough serious trouble to render its immediate future existence somewhat precarious was evident after the Ottowa Conference. Now it is unemployment which causes sleepless nights in Downing Street. The march of some thousands of jobless to London is in itself not a phenomenon of great moment in a nation of long-suffering and realistic folk. This is a problem which counts by reason of its implications. The number of those without work has increased, the pound has fallen, international complexes seem in no way ready for sublimation, and Mr. Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, is exceedingly pessimistic. What worries Britain more than anything else is inability to cut the knot of war indebtedness. For the Germans, this last-named tangle no longer seems a matter of primary importance. The Fatherland has suddenly found itself in the fortunate position of being able to give a "not at home" reply to would-be collectors. By way of compensation, the country has plunged head over heels into the discussion of constitutional reform. During the past week the Supreme Court handed down a decision for which all Germany had been anxiously waiting. This recognizes the validity of Article 48—under which both the Bruening and Von Papen governments have done a number of unconventional things—but upholds the integrity of the representative institutions. Essentially the decision means that the removal of any constitutional power by presidential decree is unlawful, though the suspension of certain, not yet clearly defined, powers remains constitutional. All this may be looked upon as a Von Papen victory like unto that famous triumph of which the great general said, "Another such success, and we shall surrender." Who said that political science was a thing of the past?

Disturbance Elsewhere

EVERY week beholds a new crop of gatherings arranged to discuss the principles of social justice. This activity augurs at least for widespread interest in the problems and principles which the subject involves. New York will participate during November in two conventions which are novel in so far as they will be held primarily under university auspices. The first, to be conducted by New York University, will undoubtedly be widely noticed and we shall have something to say regarding it in the near future. The second, essentially Catholic of inspiration, will be held at Fordham University under the auspices of the National Catholic Alumni Federation. A number of guest speakers will discuss various aspects of the following topic: "Social Justice in the United States and the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI." There will also be a convention Mass with an appropriate sermon, luncheon and dinner. The right to have his or her say is held out to all who attend and feel that something important is demanding utterance within their hearts. This convention has been arranged for Sunday, November 20. The scene of the Mass and discussion is Fordham University; of the closing dinner, the Hotel Commodore. We urge those of our readers who can do so to attend and to participate.

Social Justice

NOT SINCE the time in the career of the late Mayor Mitchel when everyone publicly used the word "liar" has it been so amusing to hit the high spots in the newspapers. Any New Yorker not distracted from the enjoyment of pure fantasy by an interest in political issues will find a rich feast indeed in the headlines of this campaign. The double turmoil, of city and of nation, has thrown up a double portion of the weird phenomena that seem inseparable from elections. They are not portents, for they do not portend anything in particular, but they are strange, strange enhancements of people's power to be, or seem, absurd and unpredictable, and they are best gathered, their full flower is best savored, by him who runs, from headlines. So read from day to day, for example, in quintessence, without details and rationalizations to lessen the shock or soften the outline, consider the recent story of Mr. Walker's menacing march on Albany, followed by his breathlessly swift recession to Europe. Or, growing from the (comparatively) little acorn of the Walker-Seabury imbroglio, take the great

Loud and Funny

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oaken triangle of Hofstadter, Steuer and Macy: how startling is the sequence formed by the mere outline of Mr. Macy's ringing summons to Mr. Hofstadter to repudiate Tammany's endorsement on Monday, followed by the shy, *piano* notice, on Tuesday, of Mr. Macy's own endorsement of Mr. Steuer, Mr. Hofstadter's co-nominee!

AND THERE are others. The fact that the same issue of the same newspaper may carry twelve or fifteen headlines of this sort—"Roosevelt Charges"—"Hoover Replies"—"Donovan Accuses"—"Lehman Refutes"—is a more conventional circumstance, of course, though it adds to the total effect. However, is there not a positively hypnotically futile suggestion conveyed by the list of prominent deserters from either camp darting across to the other—provided it is read very rapidly, to parallel the effect of a speeded-up camera? With Mr. Smith's entry into the speaking field, the issues he touches are plainly joined, and the streamers (though no one will assert they do not startle) at least make sense. But there was the heavily headlined potato episode between him and Governor Roosevelt (called by one comedian the nearest approach to farm relief so far), which surely disputed honors with the attempt to prove by force of argument that the President has a sense of humor. It is fair to include the rotogravures also, for they are the pictorial equivalent of headlines. They give us a striking and unforgettable study of Mr. Smith and Mr. Coolidge exchanging gentle, gentle smiles. Yes, headlines do amuse; but the tired New York eye is finally glad that Mr. Pounds and Surrogate O'Brien hold their tongues like gentlemen. At least no headlines can be made from them.

ON SUNDAY the thirteenth of this month, the Red Cross will begin its annual roll call throughout the country. There can be no question of the efficient work of this great organization in performing corporal works of mercy, and THE COMMONWEAL at the request of one of the directors of the Red Cross, is glad to add its reminder of the coming roll call and of the just claim which the Red Cross has to receive the wholehearted support of American citizens. Many Catholics and corporate Catholic charity organizations have benefited from the Red Cross. This winter in many instances, food and clothing to be distributed by family welfare agencies, will have its origin in supplies of cloth and flour given by the government to the Red Cross. It is too painfully known to need much reiterating, that this winter is going to be one of dire emergency to the many unemployed whose duration of unemployment has now been long. The encouraging thing is that large sections of the public heretofore quite oblivious of any call upon themselves for works of charity, are showing a fine, courageous spirit of facing existing conditions and turning-to and helping to make them better. A practical step in this direction is enrollment by those who can in the Red Cross as members contributing funds and as active volunteer workers.

The Red Cross

ANYBODY who looks human society over from the point of view of economics is likely to be startled by the number of "parasites," all of whom must be supported. In many cases the helpless are permanently and unavoidably so. Yet there are many thousands—the crippled, the blind, the victims of accidents, those disabled by tuberculosis or heart disease—who can be rehabilitated. The National Rehabilitation Association, the headquarters of which are in Chicago, acts on that assumption. One of its best arguments is this: "It is better to spend five or even ten thousand dollars to rehabilitate a worker of twenty-one than to carry him throughout life as a dependent. Humanity and economics fight on the same side in such a case." As yet, however, the general public is hardly aware of the situation. Shying from the cost which rehabilitation necessarily involves, it nevertheless cannot dodge the bill for taking care of the dependent. Recently the association decided to enter upon a campaign to enlighten and educate the public on this important subject. We note with pleasure that the director will be Dr. John A. Lapp, whose devotion to the cause of social justice is not more obvious than is his knowledge of the facts.

Getting People into Shape

CAN IT be that the broken heads of Union Square have become a thing of the past? One would give a good deal to be able to think so. The policing of radical meetings has been a sore spot in the consciousness of thoughtful citizens for a long time. No one who knows the facts has ever denied that the police usually have had plenty of provocation for strong-arm methods. But the fact that they have fallen for the game of the professional provokers nourished by radical groups, has helped no one but these groups. It has made martyrs for them, given them a real grievance, broadened the reluctant sympathy of the decent public, and increased general disaffection for the police. It is no news, of course, that Commissioner Mulrooney has made a determined, if unspectacular, effort to change all this; but it is as much pleasure as if it were news, to record another complete success for his policy. Within the week, two groups of Communists have been sent about their business without the use of either nightsticks or expletives. One group of nearly a hundred met to harangue a magistrate for sending to prison (as they alleged) a Negro who had created a row over a swimming-pool management's anti-Negro policy. Another, much larger group tried to storm the Italian consulate with protests relating to Italian political prisoners. Both cases presented a real problem in police technique, and both

Honey versus Vinegar

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were handled with skill and success, by the simple process of forbidding the agitators to come any further, and urging them to disperse. It is said that some of them actually complimented the police on their new methods, but we are willing to believe this is legend.

Moot and Muted Questions

OF COURSE the great game of bridge comes second to the hot contest over whether it is a waste of time. For sheer time-taking, however, chess probably has the greater toll. And much as the morticians of bridge like to preserve for awhile in the balm (or is it balm?) of words hands that have shuffled down the torrents of time, chess players indubitably spend more hours of retrospective thought on their game. Chess players, on the other hand, are quieter, not only in their struggles over the mimic battlefield, but also in their analyses. Where a bridge player, like some oversanguine golf player, will permeate a whole room, or dominate complete strangers within a radius of ten feet in a public conveyance, with his animated lectures on his topic, a chess player will be seen to have a glaze come over his eyes, his face will suddenly become obdurate and remote, and as neatly as is possible in this world where invisible garments are found only in children's books, he will disappear. Hours later he may be discovered to be still in the same room, sitting in the corner, thinking. Glowering is, furthermore, a common practice in the playing of bridge, whereas glowering (that is, real malevolent glowering, as distinguished from simple, kindly, abstracted glowering) is resorted to in chess only at the occasion of an intrusion.

THEN it is apt to be slow, direct and deliberate glowering, compared to which the petty, irascible glowering of bridge players is a trifle. Consider also the waits in chess; the players relish them and the longer they are, the keener the play is. While in bridge, high in the list of those who inflict unnecessary torture are numbered those players who are not lightning-like in their mental operations and who sit for long minutes obviously straining in their minds, recalling things they have read in many little books, adding, multiplying and subtracting, while their erstwhile friends round the table glower and fidget, or fidget and then break into explosive talk and hard, unmirthful laughter. These are some of the things that appear from a bird's-eye view of the two great games of bridge and chess and we were prompted to these reflections by the news of the new rules and scoring system in contract bridge. Imagine someone coming out with new rules for chess! Our advice for those who want still to take life lightly and retain their pristine perceptions of the broad horizons, is for them to retire to a comfortable chair, with the light coming over the left shoulder, and enjoy a good magazine. Possibly they might add a little relish to this by dropping the hint behind them that they think bridge, or chess, is a waste of time.

THE OUTLOOK FOR PEACE

AN INDISPENSABLE prerequisite for disarmament is, as the President of Mount Holyoke College assures us, the "disarmed mind." That means on the part of states and societies a readiness to insist upon some such simple statement of the ethics of war as is contained in the wording of the Kellogg Pact. But it also means safeguarding oneself against an overdose of idealism. "The implementing of peace being the world's chief interest today," writes Basil de Selincourt in a recently published essay, "sensible people ought to acquaint themselves with what is actually being done to secure it." Merely philosophizing about disarmament is difficult enough, as one may gather from reading some such summary as that admirable pamphlet, "The Ethics of War," published by the Catholic Association for International Peace. How hard must the practical job therefore be! Speaking recently about the world's economic plight, Mr. Montagu Norman remarked that improvement would come if everybody could agree upon ways and means, or even principles—an agreement which, however, seems positively utopian. In the same manner, international resolves to disarm are necessarily dependent upon the willingness of all nations to coöperate. If one steps out of the ranks, the parade is halted.

Despite varied forms of unsettlement in Latin America, the two areas in which peace is now most seriously threatened are Europe and Asia. The causes underlying both disturbances are radically different. In Europe trouble's root is still inability to liquidate the last war. "I think," said Signor Mussolini, speaking at Turin, "that if it were possible to formulate tomorrow, on the basis of justice . . . the necessary adequate premises for collaboration between the four great Western powers, Europe would be tranquilized in a political way and the economic crisis would perhaps weaken and near its end."

But the most serious single obstacle in the way of this achievement is precisely the desire to protect advantages gained with superior armaments. Germany has, during the past decade, built up a power to bargain which reposes upon industrial and cultural achievement. By using that power adroitly it hopes to secure universal repudiation of those demands of the Versailles Treaty which it thinks hamper its normal and reasonable development. It sees, however, that all its efforts have been minimized because in the final analysis overwhelming military superiority of its opponents bars the route to change. Indeed the German must fear that he is likely to suffer even more than he has, if the powers antagonistic to him should decide upon a punitive expedition of one kind or another. And therefore Germany demands either relative disarmament by others or permission to be governed accordingly.

It is easy to see that, despite a few grotesque speeches by army officers, German nationalistic senti-

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ment has its roots in fear. This is fundamentally nothing else but terror lest the difficulties and privations which the Reich now faces should be rendered permanent. Of course if the whole Versailles Treaty were thoroughly overhauled next week, the sources of German poverty would not immediately dry up. But the clear fact that his work has in part been hamstrung for political reasons by other powers makes it possible for the German to attribute the major part of his woes to injustice. Again, he is actually afraid that worse things may be in store. To understand this mood better, it is well to turn to another country which is governed by a similar anxiety.

France has recently moved pretty far to the Left. Never since the war have the proponents of "liberalism" felt so sure of themselves in France as they do now. Even Catholic journals of the anti-ultra-nationalist variety manifest an exuberance far from customary with them; and in the secular domain new journals of a crusading spirit have been added to the press equipment of the Left. And yet the Frenchman is as badly frightened at heart as he ever was. The trouble in his case is that no modern nation can depend upon its armament. Only constant readiness to act, possession of strategic advantages and a dependable financial substructure suffice to afford a moderately complete security.

Thus, in a recent issue of *Le Correspondant* (Paris), Lieutenant Colonel Gailliard draws an interesting picture of the military situation. The armies of yore, he argues, were comprised of mobile and yet protected troops. Roman legionaries and mediaeval knights wore armor which was of defensive value but still light enough to enable them to move freely. By the fifteenth century, however, "the soldier had become a veritable statue of steel," as unable to march as are the masterpieces of Rodin. Yet even this equipment was not proof against gunpowder, and so troops were gradually stripped of defensive coverings. During the World War it became evident that such troops could not be fruitfully employed, even in dense masses, against an enemy outfitted with murderous mechanized weapons. Accordingly the soldier sought refuge in the earth, thus covering himself with the equivalent of armor but robbing himself of mobility. The war became a matter of attrition, which gradually wore down the resistance of the enemy but likewise gravely affected the reserves of the victorious powers. For a time thereafter it seemed that a nation having great resources was automatically secure against other peoples without such resources.

But, wonder of wonders, protection and mobility in warfare have been reunited. Colonel Gailliard credits the "Anglo-Saxon peoples" with having realized the potentialities of the tank, and with having mapped out the practical details of a campaign in which this "new cavalryman" will be the central fighting unit. He himself sketches soberly a neat system of coördination between the tank and other branches of the service—a system which, as one reads about it, has some of the fascination which once characterized the novels of Jules Verne. Now then, the Colonel concludes: France is poorly supplied with tanks, has indeed not even given adequate consideration to the problem. Meanwhile Germany has a professional army which, in his opinion, is well trained in the theoretical use of this weapon. Of course the Germans are minus the tanks themselves. But their "collusion with the Soviets being well known," it is easy to surmise that they might be supplied with British tanks by Russia and so rendered fully equipped in a few days. Then they *might* be at the gates of Paris again.

Oddly enough, exactly the same species of terror is encountered in Germany. During the past year, a popular literature has been created to describe the possible horrors of a Polish invasion. Some of this is exciting reading, however much of pure imagination may have gone into its making. One theme which constantly recurs is that of the tank, against which the valiant infantry of the Fatherland struggles heroically but in vain. Even more gruesome are the accounts of other glorious inventions now being discussed in Central Europe. Thus a writer in *Hochland* (Munich) calls attention to an "electron bomb," the function of which is to pierce roofs and start conflagrations. This bomb starts a fire which cannot be quenched by water, or indeed by any substance yet invented. The beauties of gas and aviation are, of course, more or less well known everywhere.

But while this highly nationalized anxiety makes of disarmament a vital and exceedingly difficult issue, it also encourages the intelligent to do what Mr. de Selincourt expects of them. Thus one notices the mood of a new French review, *L'Esprit*, which serves as the organ of a Catholic but anti-reactionary younger generation. And the writer in *Hochland,* mentioned above, concludes his article by saying: "Modern war is no longer war at all. It is not a conflict between soldier and soldier, but a process of destruction directed against all—women, old men, children and the sick included. This war no longer respects the rule of the inviolability of non-combatants, already laid down by the Councils of Charroux and Puy (989 and 990). Such a fact no one can overlook, especially since, in the words of Cardinal Faulhaber, 'the ethical teaching of theologians concerning war will speak a new language.' It will remain true to ancient principles, but in so far as the question of the permissibility of war is concerned will take into consideration modern facts." We must not suppose, therefore, that Europe is consciously rushing toward a new conflict. It is living in a social and economic struggle, and victory seems potentially a military one to some limited and primitive minds. Nevertheless events have moved very rapidly during the past week, with M. Herriot proposing a compromise on armament which, if vigorously acclaimed on all hands, promises to bring the question into a domain where it can be dealt with and possibly settled.

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SCOPE AND FUNCTION OF A UNIVERSITY

By ROY J. DEFERRARI

The coming of Professor Einstein to this country as a scholar in a newly projected institute of higher learning makes the question of the scope and function of a university more than usually apposite and interesting. Dean Deferrari answers that while "the research idea is the backbone of a university," this institution can neither ignore the value of teaching as an avenue to the formulation of truth nor the rendering of cultural service. He then discusses the studies with which a university may properly be concerned, and the relation between the graduate school and the college.—The Editors.

THE AIM of this paper is to discuss the scope and function of a university in several aspects which are uppermost in the minds of American educators today, and which are open to a considerable diversity of opinion. The views here expressed are personal, based on such knowledge and experience as the writer may possess. Furthermore, the matters treated are in his opinion of importance for all American universities and not for those of the Church alone.

The extreme point of view that the sole reason for the existence of a university is to contribute to the sum total of human knowledge was first promulgated forcibly in this country by Gilman, the founder of the Johns Hopkins University, and has been lately stressed by Flexner. The introduction of any activity which does not in some way aid in the discovery of new knowledge is regarded by such men as a distraction from the real purpose of a university. Some even go so far as to exclude from the true university any study or activity which is professedly practical and useful.

On the other hand, another group of thinkers believes that a university should not only aim to find new knowledge but should also be energetic in promulgating all knowledge both old and new. They would put little or no restriction on the word "knowledge." Anything that the human race wishes to know is a legitimate subject for a university curriculum—either for investigation, or to teach, or to train others to teach. The chief representatives of this school of thought are well known, especially since they have been made the object of the severest criticism by the members of the research group. Both groups are extremist.

The research idea is, of course, the backbone of a true university, but that this should be the sole aim, with little or no regard for the promulgation of old and new knowledge, would make research institutes of all universities, and a very much needed service to the people would remain unfulfilled. Furthermore, anyone who has been both a successful searcher for new truths and an effective teacher will bear witness to the fact that research is benefited and often stimulated by good teaching. The gaps in our knowledge of various fields are often brought forth and more definitely grasped through the process of teaching. Likewise the solution of many a problem is found in the act of presenting the same systematically to a class of untrained minds. The search after new truths and the charge of properly disseminating all truth, both new and old, are complements, one of the other. A true university must carry on both in a manner which will conform fittingly with the highest intelligence of the people of a nation.

Should professional studies be integral parts of a true university? Some, following the traditional idea of a university, would admit schools or departments of law and medicine, but would exclude all the rest. Others would set up no barriers of any kind, but would admit any professional subject which a large number desire, determining each case according to the popular demand. The fact that a branch of knowledge is useful and, therefore, greatly desired should certainly not debar it from university circles, any more than the apparent uselessness of a subject should exclude it. The question should be settled rather by a consideration of whether or not the branch of knowledge in question possesses a body of unexplored material great enough and sufficiently worthy to be investigated according to the technique of scientific study. For example, some question the propriety of including library science within the group of university studies. But library science, conceived in its broadest sense, is a veritable handmaid of research. It consists of the systematizing of all recorded knowledge, and aims to arrange the various departments of knowledge in a manner most useful to those who especially have need of it. Similarly with medicine; if the aim of a medical school is merely to turn out capable general practitioners, laudable though this purpose be, such a school has no place in a university. Only those medical schools which aim chiefly to meet the problems of the profession by doing research, and training scholars in scientific investigation, have a right to such a place. A modern university, besides carrying on the learning of the past, should be concerned about adopting that portion of the new knowledge which is worthy of being investigated in a university way.

At this point the question arises as to whether or not a university should aim to include within its curriculum all departments of knowledge and should endeavor to be proficient in each. Obviously this is an impossibility, not only for financial reasons but often also from geographic considerations. Thus, certain subjects may be studied best in Washington, where access may be had to the necessary documents and material, others in other parts of the country which best supply the matter for research in their special fields. However, there are certain fundamental departments that all true uni-

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versities should maintain to the highest possible degree of perfection, and the Catholic universities of this country, I believe, are in this particular stage—the developing of departments fundamental to all universities. I am not prepared at this time to name precisely all these departments, but of some there can be no doubt. While it is true that much thought is being given to having universities restrict their efforts to those fields of study which they can carry on best, it is also true that several of our best American universities, notably Yale, are also considering very seriously the importance of having research in one particular field properly correlated with all related fields, in order that the complete significance of the investigation in hand may be realized. Certainly very few topics can be investigated with any semblance of completeness without touching, consciously or unconsciously, upon the fields of philosophy and psychology. Some, also, will question whether any university is truly Catholic without a department of theology.

Again, any institution that lays claim to the name of university ought to have in its curriculum of studies at least one of the large groups of languages and their literatures. In the case of an American university this should be specifically the Indo-European group. It is impossible for any institution to restrict its literary or linguistic studies to any single language, or even several languages of a group, and accomplish satisfactory work. The more this work includes of a family of languages, the more thorough and complete will be the investigations in any one particular language of the family. For example, no university could restrict its work to the languages and literatures of the Romance branch of the Indo-European family, excluding all others, and still achieve work of such breadth and depth of scholarship as would be attained by a university which aimed to include departments of the chief languages and literatures of the Indo-European group, and whose professors conducted their investigations coöperatively, with the conviction that all these languages are branches of the one stock. And so, the fact that our mother tongue, English, is a member of the Indo-European family is the chief consideration that leads me to believe that every American university at least should aim to include in its program efficient work in this entire group. On the other hand, work in the Semitic languages and other families of languages might well be allocated as the special province of a single university.

Again, I do not think that any Catholic university could well perform its proper service to the people without a well-organized department of education. At least one of our foremost American universities lacks such a department, but much of the work ordinarily accomplished by this department is being carried on in such allied departments as psychology and philosophy. Certainly every Catholic university must assist in the tremendous work of training Catholic teachers. It is too great a task for any one institution. Such a department of education, to perform its purpose effectively, must needs have the coöperation of every other department of the university. There is a necessary relationship between them which, as it is viewed and developed without prejudice by all parties concerned, becomes more and more important.

Accordingly, I am prepared to say that every Catholic university should have at least departments of philosophy, psychology and education, and as many departments as possible of the Indo-European languages and literatures. Most of the other departments, then, might very well be assigned as the special province of individual universities. Under such circumstances, however, the segregation can be carried out profitably only if there is complete harmony and a spirit of coöperation between universities in general, so that there can be, if necessary, correlation between departments of different universities. All knowledge is a single unit and not a collection of segments.

At this point, I would consider the relation of the graduate school to the college, and several of the problems that arise from this relationship. There is a growing tendency among some of the larger universities of the country to raise the work of the college to the university level, particularly during the last two years of the college course. In general, however, the reverse is the case. The college was developed first; university or graduate work was attached to the college with little change in the personnel of the college faculty and in the college plant. Even as the graduate departments developed, the influence of the college was so strong that the courses of the graduate school were little more than additional college courses. In fact, often the entire work of the graduate school is more or less unwittingly viewed from the college angle. The work is more advanced, to be sure, in some instances, but little or no thought is given to a special postgraduate manner of approach. For example, an undergraduate course in Livy may be described as a careful study of a comparatively small portion of the text with a view especially to learning more about the Latin language and to appreciating in some degree the literary qualities of the author. The aesthetic point of view is uppermost. On the other hand, a graduate course in Livy would presuppose a thorough knowledge of the Latin language. The work of the classroom would consist for the most part of a presentation of the facts and literature on Livy as a historian and man of letters, and especially of a discussion of the various literary problems that have come down to us and await solution. Some serious attempt also should be expected of the members of the class and the professor to solve these problems. The works of the author would be translated by the student outside or in class only as a preparation for taking an intelligent part in the discussion of the classroom.

Obviously the spirit of such work is professional rather than aesthetic, although perforce the aesthetic and cultural elements are greatly affected. The spirit

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of the search for truth and for the causes of things is always uppermost in graduate courses. Naturally it is difficult for most teachers to step from one type of class to the other. The ideal arrangement is to have separate faculties for the college and for the graduate school. But since most institutions in the country are not financially able to carry on such an arrangement, they must keep a careful distinction between graduate and undergraduate courses and must be most solicitous about the fitness of the persons placed in charge of each type of course, and specially of those asked to teach both. Nearly all universities offer certain courses which are open to both graduates and undergraduates, but this practice, unless restricted to very exceptional circumstances, is wrong and should be avoided

Thus far I have spoken only of the teaching force. The same considerations apply to material equipment. This is too large a subject to be discussed fully here, but I would mention several points briefly. As soon as an institution enters upon graduate work, next to the faculty the most serious problem is the development of the library to meet the new demands. There is the consideration of acquiring many more books and periodicals, and the difficult task of reorganization on the higher level—the formation of departmental branch libraries, arrangements for opening the stacks for effective use by advanced students, etc. Then the laboratories of all the sciences must be expanded and rearranged in a similar manner. New administrative problems, including that of discipline, must be met, because graduate students cannot be directed effectively by an administrative organization established to care for undergraduates. The two are quite different.

To put the whole matter briefly, the authorities of institutions which attempt to offer work leading to graduate degrees, must realize that they are entering an entirely new field which is just as distinct from the college or the seminary as the college or the seminary is from the high school. They must, accordingly, have persons in immediate control of this work who have had the necessary special training for it and who will understand thoroughly the requirements of the new venture. These requirements pertain particularly to faculty and material equipment. Although all this may seem very obvious, most of our educators in the United States today still regard the graduate school merely as an appendage to something else more important.

In conclusion, I would return to the teacher in the graduate school. I have already said that he must have a special training. But, in addition, he must possess a certain attitude of mind toward his work which does not necessarily come from his special training. He must, first of all, have a genuine faith in the value of true research. With this should go a strong desire to further the progress of research without any consideration of personal glory or profit. Ever solicitous for the progress of his students, since this means advancement of knowledge, he should always be ready to encourage and to give actual assistance when this will truly promote the student's scholarly development. While the teacher is actually superior in knowledge, the spirit of the relationship between professor and student should be one of *pares inter pares,* all eager to discover more of truth. Although adequate physical equipment cannot be ignored, the Mark Hopkins idea of a university is still true to a great extent. The heart of a true graduate school is a faculty of teachers who possess the proper training and the proper spirit. And of these, I am inclined to believe, our graduate schools are greatly in need.

REVAMPING THE RAILROADS

By LYLE W. COOPER

PERHAPS it is indicative of changes which have come over American trade unionism in the period since the war that there is discernible no current movement among railroad workers for reviving something similar to the Plumb Plan. The Plumb Plan developed out of the conditions attending the federal government's war-time operation of the railroads. Most of the workers at that time became convinced that as an employer government was to be preferred to private management. This attitude derived from the government policy of extending recognition to the unions, reducing hours of work in some branches of service, and increasing wages so that their purchasing power would not be too greatly out of line with mounting costs of living.

Organized labor's preference for the government received expression in the formulation by the late Glenn Plumb, attorney for railroad unions, of the plan which bears his name. A detailed account of the plan is not required here: all that is necessary is to recall that it embodied government ownership of railroads and that the proposed controlling board of nine comprised three representatives of the railroad unions as well as an equal number representing, respectively, management officials and the public. The plan was regarded as containing some of the essentials of guild Socialism. In spite of this, not only did the "conservative" railroad unions sponsor the plan: it was also indorsed, over the strenuous opposition of Samuel Gompers, by the 1920 convention of the American Federation of Labor. Motivated neither by the considerations of self-interest which contributed to the advocacy of the workers nor by considerations equally "practical" which inspired opposition from railroad bankers and stockholders, disinterested outsiders brought forward telling arguments on behalf of the plan. These

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outsiders were not misled by propaganda that the government had "failed" in its operation of the roads. On the contrary, they were convinced that the government had succeeded where private managements had failed, and that under more favorable peace-time conditions substantial economies in operation and improvements in service would be achieved.

Congress was of course so preoccupied in hastening the return to business "normalcy" that little attention was given to the facts or the logic presented by the advocates of the Plumb Plan. There resulted the hodge-podge known as the Transportation Act of 1920, the most important labor provisions of which were to be superseded by the Watson-Parker Act of 1926. But although the views of the unionized rail workers and of other proponents of the Plumb Plan appear to have made little impression on either Congress or the nation, there had at least been manifest a significant determination to set forth proposals counter to those which triumphant war-time capitalism found so acceptable. When there was reached what seemed to be a decisive period in the affairs of railroad transportation—and therefore in the affairs of the more than two million employees who with their families were dependent for some kind of a livelihood upon the industry—the unionized workers had a plan. Or more exactly, they were psychologically prepared to support the plan of Glenn Plumb.

More than twelve years later this psychological preparedness seems no longer to exist. Despite indications that the nation may be much nearer to the issue of government ownership than it was immediately after the war, a transformation has taken place. To be sure, after the war the outward evidence of government operation may have afforded the altogether misleading impression that the step to ownership would be an easy one. But any such illusion was to ignore the all-important circumstances of private money-making being seated firmly in control, determined to ride every industry, including transportation by rail, in which there was prospect of a profit. It is now clear that the business men riders were headed for a wreck, and that one of the victims to be most seriously injured was the railroad industry, particularly its wage earners.

The financial distress of the railroads has stimulated almost unprecedented solicitude from the government. First, the Interstate Commerce Commission approved a substantial part of the railroads' demand for a 15 percent freight rate increase. The commission's action was noteworthy in that while other prices were declining, with consequent curtailment of employment and consumer purchasing power, freight rates as a major element in the cost of living were given a decided boost. More recently the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been extending large loans of public money to the carriers, contrary in some cases to the Interstate Commerce Commission's expert opinion of what is in the public interest. But between the time when the freight rate increase was granted and the period of making doubtful government loans, there took place a general cut of 10 percent in railroad wages. In essence, this wage reduction amounted to a transfer from the workers to stockholders and bondholders of funds potentially available as compensation for labor-effort, but which instead were made available as compensation for income-claims on property.

Due recognition must be given the prolonged negotiations at Chicago with management representatives before an apparently unanimous conviction developed on the side of union spokesmen that the owners' interests ought, under the circumstances, to be treated as primary to those of the workers. In the secret joint meetings which occurred, union leaders appear to have been persuaded that there was nothing else to do, if financial disaster for the roads was to be forestalled. Significantly, the president of the Baltimore and Ohio, Daniel Willard, who for years was reputed to be not in the highest esteem with the main powers in railroading because of his "too friendly" attitude toward organized labor, was found now to be of great service as the chief management negotiator. It may have been fortunate to have available in this capacity a prominent company official in whom the unions had confidence: the bitter pill the workers were about to swallow was possibly made a little more palatable because their friend "Dan" Willard was administering the dose. Nor is it difficult to imagine that hard-boiled opponents of organized labor among railroad bankers and rail managements suddenly became aware that "union management coöperation," such as characterizes the "B. and O. Plan," after all does possess its valuable uses.

There is no intention to maintain that, in the absence of a wage-cut, the roads would have continued generally solvent. But the quick establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation makes amply clear that cutting wages turned out to be merely a stop-gap, which may have reduced the initial size of the loans required but by no means obviated the necessity of extensive government aid. Moreover, one may grant that a firm attitude on the part of the unions on the wage issue might possibly have precipitated a strike or lockout of serious proportions. But this seems even more certain: with concerted action by the rail workers in nearly all branches of service, an agreement would soon have been reached—with or without stoppages in transportation—amounting to a victory for the unions. One may also surmise that such a policy of resistance from the strategically placed railroad workers would have accomplished more in strengthening the morale of wage earners in other industries toward opposing wage slashes than all of the well-meaning but ineffective editorializing, coming from union sources, against reductions in wages. A more steadfast policy from labor in this leading industry, it is safe to assume, would have had a chastening and moderating effect on the wage-cutting tendencies of managements throughout the country.

Railroad labor officials, however, preferred another

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course. The almost unanimous praise from the press for what they were about to do, combined with the negotiating ability of the management representatives, may have been too much for the union leaders to withstand. But beneath such surface factors appear to have operated influences of a more profound nature. In the years which had elapsed since the Plumb Plan was a live issue, the subtle workings of "prosperity" may have prepared the minds of leaders in the decisively important train-service brotherhoods to hear sympathetically the argument that, unless substantial wage "revision" was forthcoming, insolvency was just around the corner. And insolvency, as all of the business-minded know, is almost the worst conceivable economic disaster.

A commonly accepted explanation for social movements is that they are essentially the expression of the kind of leadership which obtains. If one subscribed to this explanation, one might be inclined to dwell upon the high salaries of brotherhood officials and upon the nature of the social contacts which they experience as supplying keys to an understanding of why they were so open to conviction that wages must be reduced in order to avoid receiverships, "save" the insurance companies, etc. But this also would be an unduly superficial interpretation. Such indications as there are support the view that the rank and file have substantially the type of leaders they desire. And the quiescence which has characterized the reception by the rank and file of the wage-cut indicates that the leaders had gauged well the workers' psychology—not forgetting that the dominant brotherhoods are comprised largely of a membership which "normally" received an income permitting a middle-class standard of living. The membership as well as their leaders evidently were deeply bitten with the "prosperity" virus, causing them to agree in substance—despite occasional mild protestations to the contrary—with the controlling owners that dividends and interest are paramount to wages: a view which, granting the presuppositions of capitalism, is unavoidable. A feeling or believing capitalist, even though of little or no importance on the basis of the size of his investment, is helpful in smoothing the path for the policies of those who direct industry.

All of which is essential to a comprehension of why, down to date, there has not emerged in this depression another Plumb Plan. "Prosperity" has disappeared, but its psychological hangovers, at first a considered regard for the wisdom of big business, and later a timidity which makes it exceedingly difficult to envisage any alternative other than "solutions" advanced in the name of business, still appear to grip the minds of the strategically placed railroad brotherhoods. This condition exists, with seemingly little regard for the fact that the objective economic situation presses hard in the direction of government ownership of railroads, under a resurrected Plumb Plan, or otherwise.

In fact, in a nation so imbued with the business outlook as the present United States, it is doubtful whether any kind of significant gains in government ownership can be attained except through private owners and creditors being brought to such a pass that a desire develops on their part for the government to "hold the bag." Negative indication of the reality of this influence in the direction of government ownership is supplied by the case of the power industry: there profits can be made or are in prospect and, consequently, "educational" work designed to prepare the public for government ownership clearly meets a largely indifferent response.

Within the "general public," however, minority groups which know what they want may be able to hasten a process of economic evolution—though it seems established that the basis of effective group-interest typically derives from the well-defined needs or desires of producers rather than from the diffused needs of consumers. For example, the highly organized producer-group of rail workers, by refusing to accept the recent wage-cut, might have hastened an outcome of government ownership which as early as 1919 they strongly favored. If the Plumb Plan had continued as an actively supported item in organized labor's program—or at least one which was not forgotten—the difficulties of owning interests would doubtless have impressed the unions as less formidable, and as an opportunity instead of a danger. But apparently "prosperity" erased this possible objective from the program.

Depression, as revealed by the record to date, has not disclosed any marked inclination to be other than a mild but fairly accurate reflection of business ideology. But with the prolongation of the depression, there is a growing likelihood that the nation will wake up some day to discover that, through a process of default, it has become a large owner of railroad properties—confined to those lines with the poorest locations and the worst records for earnings. Possibly it will be worth watching to observe whether, in anticipation of this outcome, the unions among railroad workers will have familiarized themselves once again with provisions of the Plumb Plan. If by any chance this should happen, it will be discovered that the plan looked forward to a unified system of government-owned properties which should include the strong as well as the weak lines.

Union familiarity, however, with the essentials of the Plumb Plan may have existed for a longer time than might be suspected. Considerations of strategy may have made it seem advisable to coöperate with managements in strengthening the position of owners and creditors—in order, among other reasons, thereby to strengthen the unions with the public when the time is regarded as appropriate to revive the Plumb Plan. If that is the union game, it would appear that too great caution may endanger the stakes of labor status and public interest. In any event, the managements' recent announcement of their intention to seek another 10 percent wage-cut will necessitate the clarification of the existing uncertainties in railroad union policy.

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Places and Persons

CHINATOWN

By JOHN M. MARTIN

THE CHINATOWN buses are lined along the curb in Times Square. As the starter gives a signal, decoy passengers employed to encourage prospective patrons, climb out and enter another bus. The cash customers are taken down Broadway to Mott Street, where, as they alight, they are warned by the guide to keep together and to be most careful. From time to time he solemnly counts his charges, as if suspecting that some might have dropped through a trapdoor or have been snatched into one of the opium dens which he describes so vividly in his professional patter.

As the party enters a narrow hallway, the cicerone pushes a button which arouses a middle-aged Chinaman on the top floor. Thus warned, he has donned the garb of a Buddhist priest and is busy with joss sticks before a pagan idol, by the time the tourists have climbed the three flights of narrow stairs through evil odors and eerie darkness. The "priest" apparently takes no notice as the guests enter the bare room timidly. The guide whispers that he is "sore" at their intrusion and suggests they appease his wrath by purchasing some of the Oriental trinkets offered for sale at a side table. They obey obligingly, and then tiptoe out and down the steep steps, thrilled at their experience.

They have "done" Chinatown, the same Chinatown they had learned to know in the motion pictures, a Chinatown every bit as incomplete and false as the studio sets which seem so real in the films. What a failure the trip would be did the tourists know that the so-called joss house is leased by the bus company, that the "priest" is paid by the same concern, and that the profits on the Oriental souvenirs go into the firm's coffers! The bus company gives its patrons exactly what they expect, and everyone is satisfied.

Chinatown cannot be viewed in an hour or even a day. It takes months to see it as it actually is. Only gradually can one become acquainted with the inhabitants and enter into their private lives. Not until proper introductions have been made and confidence won is a visitor brought into the sacred precincts of the homes, which usually are apartments of two or three rooms. It is in these compact residences that one meets the gentle shut-in wives who wear silken trousers and pull their glossy hair straight back into a knot. Fear of the roaring thoroughfares and ignorance of the American tongue imprison many of these timid mothers for years at a time. All they see of the land of the free is the view from the front windows. However, they are content to cook, to gossip with neighbor shut-ins and to raise their children, who are abundantly and noisily present in each apartment.

In the afternoon the housewives place a decidedly Occidental dishpan at the hall doorway and in it burn imitation paper money and red paper slips to honor the spirit who guards the home. The youngsters, who speak English, attend to the ice man and interpret the questions of the casual caller or investigator. In a surprising number of homes a telephone adorns the poor living quarters.

Only gradually, too, does one learn the location of the restaurants where *moo goo gai pen* is cooked as the best of Canton's chefs prepare it. These places usually are on a top floor reached by a back door and are not frequented by tourists. They cater to those Oriental gentlemen who can pay to have others cook for them. One seldom sees a married woman eating in a restaurant. Men who cannot afford such fare buy their food supplies in the Chinese shops whose display of bullfrogs, stuffed entrails and peculiar vegetables nauseates most Americans. These bachelor shoppers live in barracks which house thousands of them and which, in the parlance of the Bowery, would be termed "flophouses." The lodgings consist of entire floors honeycombed with tiny cubicles opening into a labyrinth of corridors. Most of the rooms (closets would be a better word) have no windows, and in their cramped confines Chinese gentlemen cook, sleep and live.

They change quarters frequently, a steady stream of them constantly moving back and forth across our continent. Each has a so-called "cousin," one who bears the same family name, in almost every Oriental district in the United States. The "cousin," who is well-versed in Chinese etiquette, will provide for the visitor without the slightest manifestation of impatience until such time as the guest decides to move on to another relative. The inconvenience will be borne serenely merely because both host and guest have the same tribal name.

Of all the stopping places, the two most famous Chinatowns in America are in San Francisco and New York, although the one in Boston is not unimportant. Chicago, too, is acquiring a similar settlement near Twenty-second Street and Wentworth Avenue. The Chinatown in San Francisco always has been the largest and is by far the most picturesque. It differs from New York's settlement in several things. To a priest the most notable difference lies in the fact that on Mott Street (New York) all of the children stare curiously at the Roman collar, while on Grant Avenue (San Francisco) the visiting cleric hears repeatedly from almond-eyed youngsters the familiar and cheery "Good-afternoon, Father."

This difference is due, no doubt, to the splendid work of the Paulist Fathers in San Francisco's Chinatown. A mission which is supported by Old St. Mary's parish

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has 100 Chinese families and a grade school for 500 children, half of them Catholic. A medical and dental clinic as well as other welfare activities add to the effectiveness of the mission. In New York's Chinatown there is no special Catholic endeavor for the Chinese. From time to time there have been sporadic efforts, but little has come of them. The church on Mott Street is for the Italian population which skirts the Chinese section. Many of the Orientals call it the "Italian Church" and put it in the same class with the Italian landlords, some of whom they hate most cordially.

Another contrast is found in the types of people on the streets of the two quarters. Although about two hundred Chinese students attend Columbia University, they are seldom seen on Mott Street, but are content to stay uptown where jobs in restaurants, parties at International House and campus activities keep them occupied. On the West coast, however, while there are only eighty Chinese students at the University of California in Berkeley, there are many more scattered through the schools of San Francisco. They are becoming thoroughly Americanized, and most of them frequent Grant Avenue, giving a decidedly modern character to the street.

New York's Mott Street seldom sees an unescorted American woman because of the districts which she would have to traverse to get there. Grant Avenue, on the contrary, passes through the most exclusive shopping section of the Golden Gate city and it is not uncommon to see women wandering on from the American stores to the equally attractive Oriental ones.

Both the New York and San Francisco settlements have a night school for children which is conducted under the auspices of the Six Companies, the ruling fraternal organization of the Chinese. To these institutions the youngsters go when the public school classes have been dismissed for the day. With college boys as teachers, the little pupils chant page after page of memorized lessons, and clutching bamboo brushes in their chubby fists, write crude Chinese characters. The Chinese are glad to support the special schools because they keep the children off the streets.

All Orientals respect a learned person. The man of letters stands at the head of the Chinese social order, a fact well known to book agents who are able to sell almost any kind of printed volume to the laundrymen and restaurant owners. Chung Pak Lum, the poet of New York's Chinatown, conducts a school for adults and is kept busy with classes for those who desire to speak "melican."

This zeal for self-improvement, despite handicaps, is contrasted in New York by the attitude of the nearby Bowery loiterers. To step from the bristling activity of Mott, Pell or Doyers Streets to the despair of Park Row or the Bowery frequented by down-and-outers, is to experience a decided mental jolt. Perhaps the difference between the Bowery habitués and their Oriental neighbors lies in the fact that each Chinese has a tangible objective, an ever-present ambition to acquire enough of this world's goods to enable him to return to his native land, there to be buried among his revered ancestors.

It is this longing for the homeland which causes the Golden Gate to swing outward as well as in. Angel Island, in San Francisco Bay, is the portal through which most of the Orientals pass. For the twelve months ending July 1, 1932, there were 2,574 Orientals who entered and 7,432 who left. Of those who came in 951 were Chinese and 1,589 were Japanese. Among the ones who departed 4,537 were Chinese and 2,745 were Japanese. Two years ago 3,065 Japanese and 2,261 Chinese entered and approximately the same number departed.

Unlike Ellis Island with its imposing buildings, Angel Island resembles a quiet summer resort. Its low white frame structure with a huge veranda across the front, nestles beneath a hill in a hidden cove of San Francisco Bay. For the past twenty years all arrivals, including casual visitors, have been met by a Methodist Episcopal deaconess who wears the conventional garb of her calling. She and her assistant are the only welfare workers regularly established in the island. Occasional visits are made by representatives of the Travelers' Aid Society, Y. W. C. A. and Jewish organizations. According to the Commissioner of Immigration, no Catholic welfare worker takes part.

Usually there are about 250 Chinese in the bunk room which is assigned to the Orientals. Obliged to remain while their cases are being investigated, they are a most orderly lot, in the opinion of the official who has charge of them. Chinese phonograph records entertain them while they recline in their two-decker bunks. A secretary from the Y. M. C. A. visits them on certain days to conduct games in the open-air gymnasium. While other nationals may cause trouble, the Chinese seldom do. They are self-governing, choosing a Number One and a Number Two to handle their affairs. If any of their crowd breaks a rule he is judged by a jury of seven countrymen and punished. A convicted thief, for instance, is obliged to wear a placard bearing the inscription in Chinese, "I am a thief." His comrades sentence him to the "brig" for several days where he is put on a restricted diet. As a group they have earned a fine reputation from the immigration officials.

Amateur missioners to the stranger within our gates are to be found occasionally. In Brooklyn a Catholic young lady became interested in a little Chinese girl, whose parents consented to her attending a parochial school. The child is now a Catholic, and eager for the day when all of her family will know the "Lord of Heaven" religion. In New York a zealous layman, with the help of a visiting missioner, started a Sunday School for the Chinese, but was unable to continue because of lack of funds.

The same fire of devotion burns on the Pacific coast where the Catholic Chinese youths have formed an association. They meet every Sunday to discuss plans

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for extending Christ's kingdom among their countrymen, and publish a multigraphed magazine called *Aurora*.

Lucy, a Chinese maiden consecrated to the pagan gods to allay their wrath against her family who were visited by a scourge of death, was brought by her mother to America, where the father had established himself in business. The parents no doubt intended to return her some day to the temple, where fiery joss sticks were pressed deep into her arm, in the presence of pagan priests. But here, through contact with a Catholic, she found Christianity and escape from the superstitions of her forefathers. Lucy's relatives in China hate her for what they think is her betrayal of them, but her family here is beginning to weaken visibly toward Christ. Her father speaks perfect English with scarcely a mark of foreign accent. Consequently it is surprising to hear him answer, when asked how long he has been in America, that he has resided here "seven weeks." In the Chinese idiom he means seven weeks of years. Some day he will go back to spend his last days in China, but Lucy never will, for she has married here and fears that some pagan who knows her history might try to find favor with the gods.

And so the daily life of Chinatown unfolds to those who know where to look. If we do not judge by fictional standards or a tour on a sightseeing bus, we shall learn that the Chinese in America deserve the respect and the decent human courtesy of all right-minded citizens, and the greater spiritual interest of Catholics.

A LETTER TO SAINT THOMAS

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

IT'S REALLY been horrid of them, Saint Thomas, and for long I've been wanting to tell you not to pay any attention. They haven't completely understood you, that's all—these people who would make you the greatest sceptic the world has ever known. When I think how much I have resented, during my life, their glib chatter about "doubting Thomases," I can appreciate how tiresome it must have been to you, through all the centuries. They've never let you forget for a second that ill-advised statement: "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

For my own part, I see you in quite a different light. It seems to me that this flat statement of yours which gave rise to all the unfavorable notoriety (and let's admit at once that, coming from one of the Twelve who had been privileged to witness countless proofs of His Divinity, it was something of a breath-taker) was not so much the fruit of scepticism as of another frailty —which, because I possess it myself, I would hasten to condone. Now come, Saint Thomas, let's both be perfectly frank and confess that we are nothing if not unpunctual.

In the first place, it seems almost certain that you had a date with the other Apostles, when, after the entombment of your Lord, "it was late that . . . day, the first of the week, and the doors were shut where the Apostles were gathered together." Just what detained you, or where you were, is annoyingly omitted; but anyway I have a feeling that, knowing the circumstances, I at least would understand. To be sure, your Master gave you every opportunity to keep that appointment (not that you or any of your companions knew that He was coming) for it is expressly stated, "when it was *late* that day . . . Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: 'Peace be to you.' "

It was a wonderful experience for your heart-sore and frightened companions gathered in that upper room; and of course they were bound, with no little exuberance, to tell you all about it. From your reaction, I even suspect them of a touch of that human, "now-see-what-you-missed" attitude. For certainly something threw you into an antagonistic mood. Poor Saint Thomas—you were properly and publicly humiliated when, eight days later, you did keep the appointment, and your Lord again came. "Put in thy finger hither, and see My hands," He said to you, "and bring hither they hand, and put it into My side; and be not faithless but believing." You replied, simply: "My Lord and my God!"—an ultimate, beautiful and perfect act of faith.

It must have been that, then and there, He forgave you your previous churlishness—even though thereafter, succeeding Christian generations would never let you forget it!

Perhaps there are those who would argue that this episode of the upper room is not enough to justify my contention that you were really an unpunctual soul. But there is also another story which, though it appears only in the apocryphal "Passing of the Blessed Virgin Mary," is still no less convincing to one who, admiring you greatly, is determined to unearth at least one trait in common with you. Therein it is related that, when the appointed time came for the Mother of your Lord to die, all the Apostles were scattered far and wide. It being revealed to them that her earthly hour had come, all but you somehow got themselves immediately transported over vast areas to the door of her chamber. Of course you, away off in India, also wished to be there—but it seems that you were about to say Mass when the tidings came. You probably thought you would have time first to say the Mass, and then be off; at any rate, you began the service. To your surprise, in the midst of it, a cloud came along and unceremoniously bore you off—sacerdotal robes and all!

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Meanwhile, the Blessed Mother had died and been reverently buried by the other Apostles. But she, as always, understood you. Knowing you would be chagrined at arriving late, she appeared to you as she was carried up into Heaven, smiled down upon you, and gave to you the cord of her robe as a loving memento. You finally reached the others, only to be upbraided by dear Saint Peter—whom one can't really blame for being a bit upset at this repetition of your customary tardiness.

When your friends told you that they had already buried Mary, to their consternation you announced that she was not where they had laid her. This was even more irritating than your tardiness. "Were you forever to be a doubter?" they demanded. But you stuck to your point. "Then, as it were in a rage, they went to the sepulchre," just to prove you were wrong. Save for a profusion of crimson roses and white lilies, they found it empty—equally to their mortification and your own satisfaction. And "all asked pardon of the Blessed Thomas." Thus, after all those years, you eventually had the edge on them.

Unpunctual you were—and you had the intrepidity of the best of the unpunctual. For who shall deny that it requires no small amount of bravery to be forever late? Not another Apostle is credited in the Gospels with as magnificent an act of courage as you displayed on that occasion when your Master and His companions had withdrawn into the country beyond the Jordan. There news reached your Lord that Lazarus, who lived with his sisters, Martha and Mary, close to hostile Jerusalem, was ill. Two days later, He announced to you all plainly, that Lazarus had died. "Let us," He said, "go into Judea again." This proposition seems to have struck no end of terror into the hearts of your companions. "Rabbi," they pled, "the Jews but now sought to stone Thee; and goest Thou thither again?" Patiently, the Master told them: "Lazarus our friend sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." A frightened silence followed. It was almost as though they had determined, if bent upon this journey, He must go alone—when you spoke.

"Let us also go," you cried to your fellow Apostles, "that we may die with Him!" It was like a magnificent trumpet-call sounded to a routed and retreating army. Death you undoubtedly expected to meet, for this act of loyalty—but death was worth it, as far as you were concerned.

But there is something else which has long puzzled me, Saint Thomas, and I do wish you'd enlighten me. Repeatedly you are referred to in the Gospels as "Thomas, who is called Didymus." For years I thought this nothing but a rather derogatory nickname—and I resented it fiercely for your sake. I wouldn't have minded so much, if it had been pretty. But Didymus! It has such a flippant, undignified sound. And then, suddenly, one day I stumbled upon the knowledge that Didymus, in Aramaic, signifies "twin"! Thomas, the Twin, it appears you were—and now I can't sleep nights for wondering what ever happened to the other twin—and whether it was brother or sister.

It has been claimed that, after the Resurrection, you preached to a vast assortment of peoples, and it has even been suggested that you came to America. Lew Wallace wrote a charming book, "The Fair God," around that lovely tradition. Personally, I am disappointed that the weight of authority seems to discredit this view. Didn't you really come here, Saint Thomas? Please say "yes"! In any case, we are told in the apocryphal accounts that you objected strenuously to the locale of your first assignment—India.

The story goes that after your Lord's Resurrection, one King Gundaphoros of that country desired to build a fairer palace for himself than had ever been seen in the land. Like many kings, he decided that only an imported architect would do. So he dispatched his merchant, Abbanes, to find such a craftsman—and Abbanes at length sauntered into the marketplace where you were. Simultaneously, your Master appeared, and told you that you must go to India. To which you protested: "And how can I, being an Hebrew man, go among the Indians to proclaim the truth?" When reassured on this point, you began to put up excuses anent the "weakness of the flesh" (were you, perhaps, subject to malaria?) and you finally came out flatfootedly with the statement:

"Wherever Thou wishest to send me, send me elsewhere—for to the Indians I am not going!"

Saint Thomas! Your Master would see about that. At this point, Abbanes approached, inquiring for a carpenter—and your Lord indicated you as His slave, and a master at the building trade. When pinned right down to it, you had to admit that you were, indeed, His slave—and to submit in silence as He sold you, for three pounds of uncoined silver, to the Indian merchant. When you and Abbanes reached the kingdom of Gundaphoros, that monarch at once asked you what you knew how to build. You replied (somewhat airily, I fear): "In wood, plows, yokes, balances, pulleys, and boats and oars and masts; and in hewn stone, monuments, temples and palaces for kings!" Gundaphoros was delighted with the plans you drew up for a castle. You "set the doors toward the rising of the sun, to look to the light; and the windows toward its setting, to the winds; and made the bake-house to be toward the south, and the water-tank, for abundance, toward the north." Overjoyed at your wisdom, the King directed:

"Begin to build!"

But of course you had an objection. "I cannot," you declared, "build at this time."

"When," demanded disappointed royalty, "when wilt thou be able?"

"I shall begin," you stated, with all the finality of a union carpenter, "in Dius [October] and end in Xanthicus [April]."

And that was that. The King chewed his royal fingernails and waited—even as kings must ever wait,

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on labor. Unfortunately for him, about the time you were ready to start the work, he was called away on a far journey; but he left in your hands a large amount of gold to defray all construction costs.

"This," you said to yourself, "would be much better expended on the poor than on any royal palace." And forthwith you began to divert all funds toward feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Not a sou did you keep for yourself—but neither did you add one stone to the royal edifice! And the poor had a perfectly grand time. When Gundaphoros at length returned, and found all his money spent and no sign of a palace, he had you thrown into prison—and you were about to be flayed alive, when a surprising thing happened. The King's brother, Prince Gad, suddenly fell ill, and died.

As it all came out later, when Gad's soul arrived in paradise, the first thing he beheld was the most magnificent palace imaginable. The angels told him it was the property of his brother, King Gundaphoros, built up in heaven for him by you, as you dispensed his wealth in almsdeeds on earth. Now Prince Gad, it would appear, was a sharp business man, even in death, for he said to the angels: "I entreat you, my lords, permit me to go to my brother, that I may buy this palace from him—for my brother does not know what it is like, and he will sell it to me!" I cannot believe, Saint Thomas, that the angels, in allowing him to return to earth, were being parties to this shrewd scheme. Rather, it seems certain that they saw an outcome not then visible to Gad. The latter, suddenly coming to life in his burial robe, hastened to tell his royal brother all about the palace in paradise. It would seem that, shrewd as Gad was, Gundaphoros was shrewder—for he plied the Prince with searching questions, and as a result, grew so convinced of your sanctity that he released you from prison, and himself became a Christian!

Alas, that after this first success with royalty, you should eventually meet your death at the hands of an Indian monarch! But you will say, "Alas, nothing!", since that death was a martyr's, and the sort you preferred to all others. It is related that you eventually got into hot water with King Mesdeus, who regarded you as a sorcerer. He bade his soldiers take you up on a distant mountain, where the people, whose hearts you had won, would not be able to witness his cruelty—and there you were speared to death. "And all the brethren wept, and wrapped him up in beautiful shawls . . . and laid him in the tomb in which, of old, the kings used to be buried."

Lying there in those lovely Indian shawls, you wrought wonderful miracles for many who came on pilgrimage—and frequently you had the dressiest callers, Saint Thomas! They hailed from all over the world. Came Theodore, the Gaul; came Bishops Swithelm and Aethelstane, emissaries of Alfred the Great; came Marco Polo, reporting that: "the body of Messer Saint Thomas, the Apostle, lies in this province of Malabar, at a certain little town having no great population."

The only dressy caller who may have at all dismayed you was a certain lady author. She visited you in the fourth century, being the writer of "Peregrinatio ad Loca Sancta." That was bad enough—but she had to disturb your much-needed rest by reading aloud for hours over your tomb! It is said that she was either Sylvia of Aquitaine, or Etheria of Spain (either name would brand her as a lady author) and I very much fear she was an abbess. The reason I am severe with her is that she got there first—I mean, before I did—and since her reading consisted of the same material concerning your life which I am at present reviewing for you, I am afraid, from sheer ennui, you will say: "Preserve me from any more lady authors!"

Now, if it hadn't been for Sylvia, or Etheria—well, you might feel gentler toward me. And when I think of the undoubtedly powerful influence you wield in the celestial courts, all I can say, dear Saint Thomas, is that I'm relying upon your reputation as a gentleman and as a saint!

Heaven and Hell

Heaven is up and hell is down,
Is right!
There is a top and bottom to our world:
Heaven is wide, endless, colorful,
With stars and wonders, dawns,
Atmospheres and showers of rays,
Nebulae, dark moons of mystery and nights,
Creatures of the sea and the air,
Beasts of the fields, and Legions
And Orders that hum,
Flame, are invisible,
And move at will between
The aspects of substance and soul,
The emotions, courage and love,
Their shadows and opposites,
Irresolvable complications to us,
Sentient marvels of dusky and amber
And rose and white of clear flesh
In coolness, heat and rain,
And midnight closets,
And long endurances,
The iridescence of dragon's wings,
Abundant life comprehending
Also quiet and nothing,
Wind in the trees,
All affirmations,
These are around and above us
In heaven,
God's meadows;
Hell is narrow,
Cribbed, inward,
Contracted, colorless, the dust
That is made of denials,
The corrupting of mind into blind worms,
The weary mechanical heats and interactions of matter
And decay
Beneath our feet.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

By PADRAIC COLUM

"I WOULD far and away prefer," Mangan said of himself, "being a great necromancer to being a great writer or even a great fighter. My natural propensities lead me rather to seek out modes of astonishing mankind than of edifying them." And John Mitchell when he discovered him on the top of a ladder in the library of Trinity College was induced to picture him in a way that makes us think that he looked the part he wanted to play. The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpselike features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. "I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated; whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer; yet I took a volume and spread it on the table, not to read, but with a pretence of reading, to gaze on the spectral creature upon the ladder."

"The Howling Song of al-Mohara" might have been made by a magician who had come out of his cell to seize upon words and poetic forms and make of them things to astonish us:

"My heart is as a House of Groans
From dusky eve to dawning grey;
  Allah, Allah hu!
The glazed flesh on my staring bones
Grows black and blacker with decay;
  Allah, Allah hu!
Yet am I none whom death may slay;
I am spared to suffer and to warn;
  Allah, Allah hu!
My lashless eyes are parched to horn
With weeping for my sin alway;
  Allah, Allah hu!
For blood, hot blood, that no one sees,
The blood of one I slew
Burns on my hands. I cry therefore
All night long, on my knees,
    Evermore,
  Allah, Allah hu!"

And in "The Karamanian Exile" there is again the sense of a magician desperately transforming himself into a poet to lament exile from a country he knew when he had feelings rather than powers:

"I see thee ever in my dreams,
  Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, they thousand streams,
  Karaman! O Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when thy deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
  Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
  Karaman! O Karaman!"

As we think of him after reading these poems we note a curious thing: Mangan looks out on lands that are all waste, in which there is no green nor familiar thing. He tries to give an impression of an Irish landscape in a poem. And the only object that is familiar in that landscape is an ancient pillar-tower—nothing else gives him the sense of homeland.

"This is some rare clime so olden,
Peopled, not by men, but fays;
Some lone land of genii days,
Storyful and golden!"

"A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century" renders a Connaught that is as empty of familiar sights as Karaman.

Indeed it is his power of visualizing a waste that gives his "Siberia" actuality as of a country traveled in and discovered to be a place where there can be no hope, no movement:

"And the exile there
  Is one with those;
They are part, and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
  And the killing snows.

"Therefore, in those wastes
None curse the czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The north blast, that heweth nigh
  With sharp scimitar.

"And such doom each drees,
  Till, hunger-gnawn,
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there,
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
  His last breath was drawn."

This poem has extraordinary volume in its shortness, yet carelessness often mars Mangan's achievement, as if he had no art after a veritable inspiration had flagged on him: "And cold-slain he at length sinks there"—that "at length" is prosaic.

He has a mood in which the sense of loss is softened and humanized. Such a mood is in "The Time of the Barmecides" and "Twenty Golden Years Ago," the one with its soldierly Arabian, and the other with its romantic German, atmosphere. "The Time of the Barmecides" is splendid for its flashing images, for its manly fervor, for its stanzas that move as with a warrior's stride. "Twenty Golden Years Ago" is again a looking backwards; it has humorous mournfulness, and humor is a scarce quality in Mangan's poetry. In another of his notable poems, "The Ride round the Parapet," there is humor and gusto displayed in high-stepping, romantic stanzas.

An estimate of Mangan as a poet generally begins with an appreciation of his Irish poems. I have approached him through his non-Irish work meaning to come to his more celebrated pieces with some freshness. His poems were published in magazines between 1832 and 1849, the year of his death.

One of his first, I find, is an address to his native land, which, if published now amongst anonymous work, would not be attributed to James Clarence Mangan. It contradicts what his biographer and editor, D. J. O'Donoghue says, although he admits it into the definite edition. "Yet, while always maintaining his own fatalistic outlook for himself, he was ever optimistic as regards Ireland—a feeling evinced over and over again in this volume, and as potent in his earlier as in his latest poems.

"The harp remaineth where it fell,
With moldering frame and broken chord;
Around the song there hangs no spell—
No laurel wreath entwines the sword;
And startlingly the footstep falls
Along thy dim and dreary halls. . . .

"Thou art forsaken by the earth,
Which makes a by-word of thy name;
Nations, and thrones, and powers whose birth
As yet is not, shall rise to fame,
Shall flourish and may fail—but thou
Shalt linger as thou lingerest now."

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It would be hard for a poet to be less optimistic about his country. The establishment of the journal to which he contributed much of his poetry, the *Nation,* may have made him more hopeful about Ireland, more eager in the national cause. But it is worth noting that "To My Native Land" has more spirit, more sincerity and finer metrical structure than the poems which have a more encouraging note. At the bottom of his heart, it would seem, Mangan had no more hope for Ireland than he had for himself.

A sense of something left forever desolate and yet with power to inspire undying devotion—out of that sense come the two greatest of his Irish poems, the "Ode to the Maguire," and "The Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell." I place the "Ode to the Maguire" first. The verse is like the storm that spends its fury upon the chieftain addressed; it rises and falls, pauses and lashes out. Ostensibly in regular verse it has the flowingness of an improvisation; indeed, it is free verse contained in a formal framework. Mangan could have made himself an innovator in metrics if he had had associates who could recognize and appreciate his departures from verse-norms. This ode is as remarkable for its structure as for its metrical arrangements.

In the opening line the poet declares the homelessness of his master:

> "Where is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night,
> *mavrone!*"

Then it is as if there was nothing in the world but the deluging rain, lightning and cold. Before he appears in that desolation the chieftain is hailed in images that are close to the elements:

> "Were he even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
> Were he even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea,
> Were he even a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,
> This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods."

The fury of the elements abates, and the flood is only domestically destructive. Then, suddenly, a line suffices to show how remote and alien is that world in which Hugh Maguire strays "lorn and lost":

> "Through some dark wood, 'mid bones of monsters,
> Hugh now strays."

From that on the man is the equal of the elements:

> "And though frost glaze tonight the clear dew of his eyes,
> And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble, fine, fair fingers o'er,
> A warm dress to him is the lightning garb he ever wore,
> The lightning of the soul, not skies."

The "Ode to the Maguire" is superb for the elemental rush of the lines, for the sense of boundlessness that it gives; through it, too, comes something of the masculine, extravagant world of the Gaelic bards.

Beginning as an address to a lone figure in an alien land, "The Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell" tells of memoried places, of battles won and lost, and names with loyalty and devotion "the princes of the line of Conn" whose decease marks the passing of the old aristocratic Ireland. To one devoted to the Irish tradition, this stands as the most memorable of Irish poems. Conventional arrangements of conventional words occur again and again, but the whole lament is so impassioned and sustained, the conventionalities are swept along in the flow of the verse. In this poem Mangan rears what is really a memorial; the stanzas are like columns bearing up and distributing a weight of grief. Each long stanza is designed to give the rise and pause of lamentation, and each is so well built into the whole splendid structure that the lamentation lifts itself again and again after one has thought that the climax has been reached.

In "Dark Rosaleen" the stanzas are finely built, but each is static till the final one when the prophecy of wrath and deliverance breaks through the protestations of tenderness. For this reason "Dark Rosaleen" is not a masterly poem, though it has exaltation and prophetic fervor, transmuting patriotic feeling to devotional ecstacy.

With "Kathleen ny Houlahan" and the "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield" Mangan goes from the elaborately contrived bardic poetry to the poetry of the folk. Here prophecy is more simple and lament more spontaneous. The music of "Kathleen ny Houlahan" is lilting like country music, and Mangan has never shown himself more of an artst than in the way he makes the light-footed syllables prophesy "the coming-to of Kathleen ny Houlahan," when "woolen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her child." It is the most spontaneous and the happiest of Mangan's poems. "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield" has behind it more humanity than has the rest of Mangan's verse: one can visualize some old wayfarer who has been through that disastrous war making up those fervent and extravagant lines for some wayside crowd who are stirred into enthusiasm for the departed hero:

> "May the white sun and moon rain glory on your head,
> All hero as you are and holy man of God . . ."

Here is a Mangan who is able to express the loyalties, the fervencies, the extravagancies of the Irish folk.

In the definite edition produced by D. J. O'Donoghue about 180 pieces are given. I would not have Mangan represented by more than fifteen poems. And I would not include certain poems that are regarded as noteworthy by Mangan's admirers. The Irish group in the selection would be "The Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," "Ode to the Maguire," "Dark Rosaleen," "Kathleen ny Houlahan," "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield," "The Testament of Cathaeir Mor"; the German group would include "Twenty Golden Years Ago," "The Ride round the Parapet," "I Saw Her Once," "Gone in the Wind"; there would be "Siberia," and in the Oriental group "The Howling Song of al-Mohara," "The Karamanian Exile," "The Time of the Barmecides," and the epigram, "To Amine." It would be a small but a very important collection.

So far I have made no note of the fact that James Clarence Mangan and Edgar Allan Poe were writing at the same time and that both strove for novel effects through repetition and refrain. Mangan had no chance of reading Poe, but Poe had a chance of reading some of Mangan's pieces in the *Dublin University Magazine.* I do not believe that one influenced the other: they arrived at like musical effects in their verse as they arrived at like humorless grotesqueness in their essays by being like-minded; they were men who were curiously alike in their temperaments and their fortunes.

And I have made no reference to the fact that with one exception the fifteen poems I have listed are supposed to be based on originals in other languages. It is undoubtedly true that Mangan's genius was such that it needed a pattern given to it to begin to operate. But it was a genius that could transcend the pattern given; it could make something out of what it operated on that was original in the highest sense.

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COMMUNICATIONS

POLITICAL

Hancock, N. H.

TO the Editor: There is a great deal of discussion among your readers as to whether a Catholic can vote for Thomas, and your editorial columns carry a strong endorsement of Roosevelt, coupled with the prediction that, so far as anything is certain in politics, he is sure to win (and this was written in September!); but as yet I have seen no suggestion, from either reader or editor, that a Catholic—or any other patriotic American—could for a moment consider voting for Hoover. And yet, several will.

This election is going to be a great test of whether the American people are moved more by reason or hysteria. Four years ago they elected Mr. Hoover President, actuated by the belief that they were getting the services of a very exceptionally experienced public servant as their chief executive.

Unfortunately, they forgot that his experience up to that time had not been with legislative bodies; and, faced with a Congress unresponsive at best, hostile at worst, Mr. Hoover has not shown the histrionic qualities that seem so necessary to win popular sympathy. In the meantime, we have become involved in a world-wide state of economic depression. So far from this being due to purely internal causes, it seems clear that the depression in America was definitely accentuated by foreign attacks on our gold reserve.

Today there is every sign that we have passed the bottom and are again headed upward. Can there be any question in anyone's mind that the situation has been saved from complete disaster by the measures taken by the administration? Has the halting of bank failures been of no benefit to the farmer and the wage-earner?

And are the American people now going to show no appreciation of that fact, simply because the upturn started in August instead of April? Will anyone question for a moment that if the present upswing had begun six months earlier, and been maintained until now, Mr. Hoover would have been enthusiastically reëlected. Are the American people incapable of thinking six months ahead?

They should remember that though the world seems convalescent, it is not yet well, and that it is no time for unnecessary shocks to public confidence. It is not a question of whether the country would be safe under Mr. Roosevelt. I have no doubt at all that Mr. Roosevelt would very much like to be President, and that in this perfectly proper ambition he is actuated by the highest ideals of service to his country. But that is hardly a sufficient reason for the voters to disturb the balance at this delicate and critical moment, and compel a reorganization of machinery that is functioning, if not yet perfectly smoothly, at least with a rhythm that is daily growing smoother.

When one we love is ill, it is a great temptation to run from one doctor to another, and to listen to romantic promises of cure. Catholics, who have a rational philosophy of life, ought to be above that sort of thing in medicine; they ought to be equally above it in what affects the common weal.

So far, then, from those of your readers who are not yet won over to Mr. Roosevelt wandering into the camp of Mr. Norman Thomas, I would ask them whether the present is not such a crisis as should impel them to forget partizan considerations, and vote to put the country's convalescence in charge of the doctor who has seen it safely through its illness and will certainly guard its health in the future.

FOSTER STEARNS.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Query (in connection with Calvin Coolidge's address in New York, October 11):

(a) Why *must* a man vote for the presidential candidate who was born in a cornfield, preferably of unknown parents, rather than for a man whose family has been definitely and integrally part of America for generations? What is the principle involved?

(b) When did American democracy become a class affair, with preference for the unknown rather than the known man?

(c) If Mr. Coolidge's emphasis is correctly placed, why do we send our children to school and college? Why do we save and invest so that they shall start from where we left off? Why would it not be the logical sequence of that principle he emphasizes, that all savings be abolished by a 100-percent death duty and inheritance tax so that we may all start equal?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

ON A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In your issue of September 7, under the head "On a Charge of Dynamite," you say, "Within certain limits we are, of course, in favor of the religiously active layman." But why "within certain limits"? One would think that with all the hue and cry being raised for Catholic Action your "favor" would be unlimited. Or do you mean, perchance, that the limits are to be understood with reference to the religious activity of the layman? Yes, that must be it. Of course the layman's religious activity must be limited, in the sense that it must not go beyond its proper sphere—it must be subject to the clergy, who in turn are subject to the hierarchy. But such a remark would seem to be hardly worth your breath—or ink—unless you specify your "limits."

Then you go on to say, "But it seems to us that the idea of utilizing this layman for the more important work of the teaching Church has always been and is wrong." More obscurity! Do you mean that the work of the teaching Church is "more important" than other works of the Church, and that the layman should have none of it? Or do you mean that while the layman may engage in the work of the teaching Church, it must not be in the "more important" parts thereof?

Turning to the statement of Father Corcoran (in the same issue), to which your editorial note obviously refers, one is well-nigh compelled to believe that you mean the former. Father Corcoran wrote: "If all pastors, rural and urban, had the time to train a body of catechists, much of the leakage would have been stopped. It was Saint Paul's method; it has succeeded in China and Africa. Why not in America?" But since he speaks of it preventing leakage, he must have meant only that the more apt and zealous laymen be trained to instruct their fellow Catholics. And if you are opposed to that, then surely you are opposed to the whole idea of the lay apostolate: Catholic Truth Guilds, Catholic Evidence Guilds, Bellarmine Societies, Lay Speakers' Bureaus, etc., etc.

Assuming that conclusion to be correct, one wonders how you regard the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. It is hard to see how, if you accept that doctrine fully, you can hold that the layman should be only a passive recipient (other than the active rôle of pew-rent payer), standing on the sidelines while the clergy do all the work of spreading Christ's Church.

But even prescinding from that consideration, which involves too deep a matter for your correspondent, I wonder how you avoid the obvious implications of our Holy Father's repeated

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calls to Catholic Action and his expressed wish for a larger "participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy"; and how you explain away the following utterance of Leo XIII: "Those on whom God has bestowed the gifts of mind with the strong wish of rendering themselves useful. . . . These, so often as circumstances demand, may take upon themselves, not indeed the office of pastor, but the task of communicating to others what they themselves have received, becoming, as it were, living echoes of their masters in the Faith. Such coöperation on the part of the laity has seemed to the Fathers of the Vatican Council so opportune and fruitful of good that they thought well to invite it—in propagating Christian truth and warding off errors, the zeal of the laity should, as far as possible, be brought actively into play."

And then, to conclude, what of the example cited by Father Corcoran: Saint Paul?

EDWARD HEFFRON, *Administrator, Catholic Evidence Guild of Washington.*

A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Robbinsdale, Minn.

TO the Editor: It is a late hour to enter the lists but, after following the discussion on sermons, the recent letters of S. J. Fitzgerald and Loretta Reilly have moved me to make the following observations. Though a pastor I am, *mirabile dictu,* on the side of the laity—a long-suffering laity. In all fairness, however, give the devil his dues. Dr. Kinsman, in "Salve Mater," observed that he had never heard a bad Catholic sermon (let no one interject that he had not heard many up to that time). Frankly, from a few experiences, I would say that too often Protestant sermons are unspeakable—and the subjects! The priest, as a rule, has a good subject; but there's the point. All the more shame on him if he does not preach a good sermon and, unfortunately, all too often he fails. Why?

I am sure that the question of simplicity does not enter in, for what more simple than the parables of Our Lord? No, the trouble lies elsewhere. To our shame be it admitted—what must be obvious to intelligent listeners—only too often we give scant preparation to our sermons and are careless in the delivery. A few years back we could have laid the blame for all this, with some justice, at the door of the seminary. Today there is improvement in that quarter which gives promise of better preachers in the near future.

It is true that our priests are busy, but are they too busy to give more attention than is commonly done to this most important work of their ministry? Surely, if we are not effective preachers we are prostituting the gifts of God and our long training. Speech is a gift of which the priest should make the most—"sonus eorum exivit in omnem terram." We have, all too often, the muttered Mass and along with it slovenly diction, poor articulation and sometimes, through indolence or lack of sufficient effort, speech so low or indistinct that few can hear all that the preacher says.

It is high time that the laity speak their mind, for are they not a royal people, a kingly priesthood? Why should they be subjected to hasty, muttered Masses and inferior sermons? They go far in their love and respect for priesthood and priest. Let's have more recognition of the dignity and function of the laity in Catholic life and liturgy.

For that matter, we must all, priests and people, bestir ourselves to a greatly increased activity in our life in Christ as members of His Mystical Body in Catholic Action and liturgy. It must begin, of course, with the priest. He must be the leader, imbued with the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the great Church he represents with all her power, her beauty, her tradition. He must use and cultivate his gifts and training. He must deny himself; and I think that this implies a retrenchment of worldly interests, for there is a danger today of our priests becoming too worldly, absorbed in sports, cars and other things. And how can we preach the Gospel of Christ if we are of this world? The priest should be a man of culture; and this implies that he be interested in all that is good and beautiful—interested in the arts and sciences and in literature—especially in their relation to divine worship and from the viewpoint of their usefulness in preaching the Word of God. It is quite true that one who is instinct with these is suspect in our modern, vulgar world, but the priest must rise above the *profanum vulgus* and ignore its vulgarity. If he give to public worship the dignity, zeal and piety that it deserves, if he begin the preparation of sermons with the "Munda cor meum," if he be dignified and fervent at the altar and in the pulpit, he will command the respect of all who see and hear him and lead them to love and imitate the good and the beautiful.

There will then be little occasion to criticize sermons. At the present I fear the allegations are all too true, and that it behooves pastors to take the lesson to heart and not to "get up on their ears" and damn the laity after the manner of some of the old-timers who "kept the laity in their places" and terrified all who came within their purview.

This whole discussion prompts me to wonder whether priests have their ears to the ground. Let them get out and talk things over with the laity. Sometimes they will get the shock of their lives. Too often they are blissfully ignorant; they think that they are getting by with it. If they only knew! And here's one not for the pastors but for the funny boys they bring into their parishes to help them slip it over with a mission—to clean up their work easily and reap a big collection—some of the funny boys with letters after their names, "wise-crackers" and story-tellers. Frankly, the people are getting tired of ballyhoo and rackets as exemplified in missions. Many good Catholics refuse to attend them.

I think that the writers of the above-mentioned letters are to be complimented rather than reproved; they deserve the best sermons that we can give them.

ANOTHER PASTOR.

MR. ELIOT RETURNS

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: Apropos of Mr. Shuster's refutation of T. S. Eliot's generalization that Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" has not "influenced a single first-rate mind of a later generation," may I suggest the name of Mrs. Helen Parry Eden?

This gifted convert, contributing to a symposium on "Why I Am a Catholic," in the *Catholic Times* (April 30, 1926), writes:

"The two pieces of imaginative writing which did most to assist me were Browning's 'Bishop Blougram's Apology' and Pater's 'Marius the Epicurean.' Blougram's ingenious proposition that faith is at least as good a working hypothesis as unfaith, is as useful to an agnostic as it is useless to a Catholic. As for 'Marius,' it led me through all my own dilemmas of paganism to the verge of Christianity. I have often noticed that a writer who just stops short, as Pater did, of becoming a Catholic, is the best possible reading for non-Catholics. They travel with him as far as he goes, and divine grace completes the itinerary."

REV. EDWARD CARRIGAN, S.J.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Mademoiselle

ONE HARDLY expects to see Miss Grace George, as one of our most adept comediennes, impersonating a stern and meticulous spinster governess with a hidden craving for vicarious motherhood. Fortunately, the unexpected is the very blood of the theatre. We may miss, in "Mademoiselle," the usual gaiety which Miss George imparts to a play, but we find it well replaced with as carefully thought out and as richly acted a part as one sees in many days. The play, adapted by Miss George herself from Jacques Deval's original, is better in intention than in structure. It wavers too constantly between farce and tragedy, and at moments when it is supposed to be most impressive, it becomes too obvious and too sentimental. But it contains much interesting material and many bright scenes.

The theme is a divided one—which is always unfortunate. On the one hand we have the story of the daughter of two very flighty French parents, a bourgeois lawyer and his utterly irresponsible wife. The lawyer is always tripping it around France, and his wife divides her time between arranging dinner parties and taking beauty treatments. The daughter is turned over to a series of governesses, and quite without a suspicion on the part of her parents, succumbs to the blandishments of an Egyptian at one of the summer beaches. Incidentally, the authors pave their way by explaining that the daughter is sent to Mass on rainy Sundays but to the Bois when the weather is fine. In France this point might be understood as a commentary on why the present generation acts as it does. Over here the point might be lost. At all events, we are introduced to the Galvosier family just before the appearance of the new governess (Miss George) who is supposed to pilot the daughter, Christine, through a Paris winter. The austere Mademoiselle soon extracts the true family picture. The son is a worthless prig, the parents have no idea whatever of their children's minds, and the daughter is to have a child by the vanished Egyptian. Up to this point, the play turns around the problem of the daughter.

The second phase begins when we discover that Mademoiselle, long starved for any human affection, takes an inner delight in the knowledge that she will be with Christine during her trial. It will be almost as if she, Mademoiselle, were having a child of her own. From this point on, the stories of the governess and of the girl are in conflict for first importance. How the governess manages to take her ward away to the country and to arrange everything so that the parents do not suspect the truth, and how, when a final revelation seems imperative, she tells the father and mother that she herself has had a child and must leave to take care of it, and how the daughter, once relieved of responsibility, returns at once to her old carefree irresponsibility—all this is the material of the last two acts of the play. None of the characters is worth much. The governess is not being in the least altruistic in assuming the burden of the child. It is simply a means to achieving her own deepest desires. The daughter has no basic character at all. The parents are pure comedy relief. The intention was probably to show the maternal instinct at its best and worst, but the purpose is somewhat lost in the development of the plot. By far the best parts of the play are the scenes between A. E. Matthews and Alice Brady as the mother and father, and the portraiture of Miss George as the governess, with its wealth of minute but revealing detail. (At the Playhouse.)

Dinner at Eight

YOU CAN set it down at once that "Dinner at Eight," by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, is a much better play than "Grand Hotel," with which all comparisons will inevitably be drawn. It is less sensational and less glamorous as to types of character, but it is far more direct, far clearer in intention, and, for American audiences, at least, more avidly of our native atmosphere. Its rich irony leaves no doubts, and, unlike "Grand Hotel," it has at least two or three characters decent enough to set off the blatherskites in sharp relief.

It is simply the story of the intertwining lives of eight people invited by Mrs. Oliver Jordan to dine with Lord and Lady Ferncliffe. We have the absurd snobbery of Mrs. Jordan's motives in giving the invitations, and the reasons for inviting each person or couple. Then we are admitted to the private lives of these people, including even Mrs. Jordan's servants. There is the stock-jobbing promoter, Dan Packard, who, under the guise of giving help, is about to buy Jordan's own shipping business from under his very nose. There is Packard's wife, formerly a hat-checking girl in a hotel, and her physician, Dr. Talbot, who, with his wife, is another of the invited guests. Dr. Talbot gets entangled with this blonde, but is helped out of his difficulty by his wife. There is also Larry Renault, a fading idol of the silent films, with whom the Jordans' own daughter is secretly in love. And, for good measure, there is Carlotta Vance, an old-timer of the stage who, in her day, has been the toast of several continents. When, in the last scene, the guests assemble for dinner, they find that the purpose of the dinner itself has dissipated, since the Ferncliffes have suddenly decided to go south and do not appear. Dr. Talbot and the audience know that Oliver Jordan, stricken with heart disease, has only a few weeks to live. Another guest fails to appear—Larry Renault. But no one, except the audience, knows that, penniless and too proud to face complete oblivion, he has committed suicide a few minutes before. Least of all does Mrs. Jordan know the conflicting emotions of her guests, the designs of Dan Packard on her husband's business, the recent liaison between Dr. Talbot and Mrs. Packard, and near tragedy in her own servant's quarters, nor the fact that, unintentionally, Carlotta Vance has played into Packard's hands by selling her stock in the Jordan Shipping Lines to a "dummy" purchaser.

There has been some criticism of this last scene, to the effect that it leaves everything at loose ends, and that its irony fails to score. I do not agree with this objection. The scene is a forceful comment on the complete futility of most worldly standards and ambitions. The false face of the world hides realities and tries to rob them of their meaning. It is thoroughly appropriate to the purpose of the play—a devastating portrait of city life—to have loose ends scattered all over the stage and tragedy impending in the midst of vacuous gaiety and of hurt souls concealed by frigid smiles.

The play is admirably acted by a large cast carefully selected as to type. Constance Collier is particularly effective as Carlotta Vance, and Marguerite Churchill as the Jordan daughter is almost unforgettable in the very last scene. Conway Tearle as Renault summons the full bitterness of defeated vanity. There are many weaklings in this play, but the authors never lose sight of honest values—a comment that could not possibly fit "Grand Hotel." (At the Music Box Theatre.)

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BOOKS

A Great Book

The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc; edited, with an Introduction and Annotations, by Pierre Champion; translated by W. P. Barrett, Coley Taylor and Ruth H. Kerr. New York: Gotham House, Incorporated. $4.00.

A SPECIAL mark of Providence in the divine adventure of Joan of Arc is that we possess the incontestable proofs of her miracles and detailed information concerning the unveiling of her saintly soul. Not only a heroic example, her martyrdom is also an illuminative teaching. Her human and superhuman capacities, her sublime deeds and even the nuances of her character are registered in the *procès-verbaux* of the two trials she endured: one during her life, the trial of condemnation; the other twenty-five years after her death, the trial of rehabilitation.

We have the minutes of the exhortations delivered to Joan, the questions asked by her torturers at Rouen, the statements she had to hear, with her own replies, through the handwritten record signed by the notary Manchon and his colleagues, Pierre Taquel and Boisguillaume, clerks of the tribunal before which she appeared in 1431. Furthermore, thanks to the second trial in December, 1455, we possess the depositions of the witnesses of her life, of her collaborators, of some of the surviving and repentent judges, which by corroborating and completing her sayings, restore the truth sacrilegiously suppressed by Cauchon and his accomplices.

The authenticity of such documents looks the more convincing because they were taken from life and, especially in 1431, transmitted to us by her arch-enemies. So we hold the irrefutable token of her miracles, virtues, exquisite wit, boldness and supreme wisdom. These juridical and psychological texts have been printed and published in different languages. Quicherat was among the best editors of them in French. Still they have never been, up to now, thoroughly translated into English with the formal letters of authority and diverse official attestations.

The first only of these judicial documents, the one ending in the condemnation, is at last successfully and ably presented to the American readers by the Gotham House, under the title, "The Trial of Joan of Arc." In addition to Mr. W. P. Barrett's translation, M. Pierre Champion has contributed to the work by vivid literary portraits, called *dramatis personae,* and by captivating considerations on the characteristics and habits of that time. It is a great book. Nevertheless, to picture as synthetically as possible, even in a few paragraphs, the Maid of Orleans, we shall have, here and there, to call upon other sources of information, especially the trial of rehabilitation which will furnish, let us hope, the substance of a second volume to be launched by the same or another publishing house.

Since the iniquitous condemnation of Socrates—not to speak of the trial of Our Lord—there has been no prosecution more dramatic, with more tremendous repercussion in the future.

The zenith of the philosophy and morals of pagan times B. C. was reached at the drinking of the hemlock by the master of Plato; but in the Christian age, the menacing tide of historical events has been changed by the humble and ignorant shepherdess who was sentenced at Rouen; and, more than that, her avowals to the judges reveal to the amazed scholar of all times unknown powers of the human soul; how it is receptive of God's mercy, and may operate wonders with the prompting and participation of spiritual energies dispensed by heaven.

The mystery of the mission and life of the Maid of France has many aspects. May we pause a moment and pay homage to the perfect orthodoxy of the one whom her foes called "the Witch of the Armagnacs?"

Charitably we prefer not to remember the name of the extravagant paradox-monger complimenting Rome for having, he said, canonized in Joan the forerunner of Protestantism. The same writer tried, at one stroke, to rehabilitate Cauchon! Absurdities never come singly. If, as he put it, "the supremacy of private judgment for the individual being is the quintessence of Protestantism," it is Cauchon whom we may venture to call a Protestant, and not the Maid.

The Maid demanded her case to be submitted to the Pope and to the Council, while the Bishop of Beauvais would not take counsel of his superiors. He consulted only his inferiors, and revolted against the decision taken at Poitiers by the clergy under the jurisdiction of Monsignor Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, and therefore the metropolitan of him, Cauchon, only a Bishop. Into this disobedience he drew with him his assessors, helpers and accomplices. They themselves pretended to be the Church. Still from the simplest hierarchical viewpoint, and even if they ignored the decision taken at Poitiers, the true Church could not be at Rouen; she was at Rome with the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, and at Bâle with the General Council.

As to Joan's recantations, to which we will return in the second part, they were the dramatic waverings of an extremely loyal soul, thrown against an incomprehensible contradiction. Commanded by God in all her actions, entirely given to the Church, yet she faced unworthy dignitaries counteracting her mission and frantic for her destruction. What could she do and think, being at once ignorant and inspired? What a dilemma! What a tragic perplexity! Her bitterest enemies boasted that they were the infallible ministers of the Revealed Truth which she loved with all her heart. Therein lay the deep cause of her successive recantations and of her unutterable distress, especially in the last days.

To such extremities of pain one ought to add the oppression, almost inconceivable to us, of those five months of heavy chains, persecutions, moral and physical violence, sickness, absence of human friendship and support, lack of hygiene and honest food (she was once poisoned by a fish sent by Cauchon)—and lastly, the unbreathable atmosphere of snare, spying and treason. Her whole being revolted, and she could not believe that Cauchon was the Church, though he was saying that to her every day. Her instinct was just: Cauchon was the enemy of the Church, as well as Joan's enemy. Out of his power for granting or denying the sacraments, he made a weapon against the Saint and her Revelations. These sacraments, the very life of her soul, he refused to her, if she would not repudiate her Apparitions. And she obeyed him who was a priest and a bishop . . . She wanted to communicate *in articulo mortis.* . . . Cauchon used the consecrated Host—offered or drawn back—as an instrument of his satanic coercion. But Joan could not be separated from Jesus.

On the thirty-first of May, 1431, the Maid, dressed in the garb of a victim, her head bearing the miter of infamy, was conducted to the stake, in the midst of assembled and clamoring thousands.

In battle she never shrank; and there she had her supreme fight. Rouen was more formidable than Orleans. . . . But, as was said by Andrew Lang, "great in everything as she was, we here see her at her greatest."

Against this girl of nineteen, all principalities of Mammon were leagued; Pharisees unfaithful to the Church and still boasting that they represented the Church; political foes determined

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to crush her at any price; wicked soldiers false to the spirit of chivalry; savants betraying truth; and doctors of law scorning justice. Lastly, an abject crowd, like those who cried for Barrabas, thirsting for blood and for shrieks of torment. All of them were potent either with brutal force or with keenness of mind; and all displayed the prestige of earthly power and heady vanities of passion.

Facing them boldly and gently, she was utter weakness, still possessing the strength of the Holy Spirit, which enlivened the form of this simple maiden. And she won all of them by candor joined to finesse, by kindness united to resolution. They cursed her; she blessed them. They had condemned her to perdition; she desired that they be saved. . . . She drew tears from her worst foes.

Then, turning again to Michael, to Margaret and Catherine, she proclaimed that she had not been deceived. They had promised "deliverance" and "great victory." At first, she believed that she would be made free from the castle's prison by an overwhelming assault of the French, taking Rouen; but no, this was not to happen. Then, despite her humility and youth, she understood, in the very end, that "deliverance" was her disentanglement from a world unworthy of her, and "great victory" meant her spiritual triumph over life and death, by the salvation of her soul and by her immortality.

. . . It was dinner time. Impatient for the final execution, the soldiery roared: "Hurry, you priests. Do you want to make us dine here?"—"Away with the witch!" was the answer. By the rush of the militia she was brought to the foot of the stake.

She mounted the rough stairs of the pyre with the same gait she had when she scaled the towers of Orleans or climbed the ramparts of Patay. Against the massive beam to which she was bound, a poster exhibited the list of all the crimes which that innocent had never committed. "Here is Joan, called the Maid, Idolatress, Liar, Profligate, Ferocious, Balsphemer, Apostate, Heretic, Schismatic, Sorceress!" On her breast, she held, tied by her clapsed hands, a cross hastily made by a soldier, with a broken piece of wood. In front of her, as she had asked, a Crucifix was lifted up, in order that she could see it, as long as the smoke and the fire would permit, and as long as her mortal life lasted.

At last, like a wolf smelling the blood of its prey, Cauchon went near the scaffold. He hoped that the last cry of the victim would be a denunciation of the divided country and of the weak king, whom she reanimated and who had failed to succor her. But she breathed revenge against no one; and to Cauchon, in a high and clear tone, she repeated the cry of his own conscience: "Bishop—by you—I die."

Fearing that the starting flames might graze his frock, she dismissed the good and devoted monk, Izambard, who for her spiritual comfort had followed her to the summit of the pyre. Then she stood, sole and alone, with the May sky above her head, and with, ascending gradually to her feet, the burning asps, stirred by the wickedness of men. But a storm of smoke and fire enveloped her. Still her voice pierced the blazing cloud. Her melodious and puissant tones of command, that led the French armies to the liberation of their own territory, thundered now only one word, both war-cry and cry of peace: "Jesus." While she was consumed, six times she cried out: "Jesus."

Thus, with the help of the Lord of Hosts, the Maid of Orleans won her greatest victory on earth, the "Victory of Rouen," by which she conquered heaven.

H. A. Jules-Bois.

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NEXT WEEK

Lest the appetite for political news be let down too abruptly by having things settled by the election and the mind of the average estimable citizen be unnerved by having nothing to chew on, THE COMMONWEAL has secured a capital article on German politics by the brilliant and well-known writer, Max Jordan. If we think that politics are overemphasized in this country, we may marvel at the fact that Germany has had five elections within a year and is on the verge of its sixth. In the past six years, German voters have had to fill in state and federal electoral ballots forty-five times. And they do this, not in the ferment between two important parties, but between many. The social background that accounts for this political hot-feet dance of a people noted for their steady and industrious habits, is vividly sketched in by Mr. Jordan in PARADOX GERMANY. . . . LITERATURE AND THE SPIRIT, by Louis J. A. Mercier is a delightful appreciation of a distinguished writer whose name is not unfamiliar to the readers of THE COMMONWEAL—H. A. Jules-Bois. The extent and variety of the creative work by M. Jules-Bois, his plays, his poetry, his essays and philosophical studies, and the peculiar significance of his writings at the present time, are given in fine perspective, as well as intimations of his profound contributions to psychology. . . . MODERNIZING THE VATICAN, by H. V. Kaltenborn, popular current events broadcaster, tells of the steps which are being taken to employ all the latest and best developments of engineering science for the service of the Church. . . . THE VILLAIN OF THE ECONOMIC PIECE, by H. Somerville, is a staggeringly illuminating vision of the function of capital and of how right were the old Cannonists in the prohibition of interest, and of how default supports their analyses in fact, though much modern popular economic theory is wide of agreement with them.

History and Prophecy

The Spanish Crown, 1808-1931: An Intimate Chronicle of a Hundred Years, by Robert Sencourt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

HIMSELF a firm believer in the institution of kingship, Mr. Robert Sencourt is concerned, chagrined, alarmed by the collapse of kingship in Spain. The municipal election of April 12, 1931, was manipulated in the cities by tricky, foresighted Socialists. Voters in the rural districts remained loyal to that deep instinct by which the Spanish people, even more than others, look upon their king as a person, with a sacred office. The tragedy of 1931 is not the collapse of kingship but the fact that at the very time, when "the parliamentary system of universal suffrage is being criticized as government by the brute force of numbers," Spain "oblivious of her own past, plunged into extreme democracy without even securing herself from corruption at the polls."

"While few voices were heard for the king; no student of Spanish history can think that the Spanish people have yet spoken the last word. The case for the monarchy at the present time has not been put before them. . . . It would be vain, therefore, to look too judiciously for reasons why the Spaniards acquiesced in the exile of their king and queen. All one can say is that they already know they are paying dear for it. And, since they are a grateful and good-natured people, chivalrous at heart, their very changefulness may bring them in time to recognize the mistake. . . ."

The purpose of Mr. Sencourt is not to put the case for monarchy at the present time in Spain before the Spanish people, but before the English-reading world, his implied hope being that in the end the Spanish nation cannot escape the influence of world opinion. The materials out of which he must construct his case are most inadequate. Valiantly he struggles through the mire of futility, betrayal, corruption and deceit which fill up the hundred years, from poor old Charles IV and his minister Godoy to Alfonso XIII and his minister Primo de Rivera.

Mr. Sencourt knows the sources, and uses them skilfully and abundantly. His theory that the king is not the government but little more than the symbol of national unity "calling the people to sacrifice" probably account for his failure to discuss the origins and growth through the century of "those dark, destructive agencies still at work among the masses."

Perhaps Mr. Sencourt sees in Charles IV's defense before Napoleon of his qualifications for kingship, the advanced stage of corruption that was even then tarnishing the Spanish crown, or the beginnings of the destructive agencies now threatening the political life of Spain: "Every day, winter and summer, I go shooting till twelve, have dinner, and at once return to shooting till the fall of the evening. Manuel tells me how things are going, and I go to bed to begin again the same life the next day unless some important ceremony prevents me." For the spirited son of Charles IV, Ferdinand VII, who conspired for the overthrow of the minister, Manuel, into whose hands his father had delivered kingship, Mr. Sencourt finds words inadequate to express his contempt.

The last act in the tragedy began in 1921. "That year is critical in the history of Alfonso XIII, not only because in it he made a famous speech denouncing Spain's parliamentary system, but also because he allowed his ambition to turn toward military victory in Africa at the very moment when his army encountered its most shocking disaster."

"The king is not absolute," Alfonso complained. "The king has no other power than to authorize with his signature the

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proposals submitted to Parliament. . . . I prefer to dedicate my life to the country without those responsibilities. . . . The provinces should begin a movement of support to the king and to the proposals which will do good, and then the Parliament will agree with the mandate of the people."

Thus Alfonso denounced the Parliament which had adopted obstructionist tactics, and appealed to the people for support. The crisis had arrived. The efficiency and loyalty of the army were put to the supreme test. Assuming a power which under the Constitution belonged to the Ministry and Parliament, Alfonso conferred with General Silvestre, a subordinate officer on duty in Africa, and commissioned him to lead a new movement against the insurgent tribes of Morocco which for years the unsupported and ill-equipped armed forces of Spain had endeavored to subdue.

Confident that Silvestre would lead his troops to certain victory, Alfonso prepared a dramatic appeal to the patriotism of the Spanish nation. ". . . Spain is great enough still to realize her destiny," he said; "and apart from that, with what Spain is in the peninsula, and with what belongs to us on the other side of the Strait, we have enough to figure among the first nations of Europe."

But disaster overtook Silvestre in Morocco. The military forces at Melilla were totally destroyed! Alfonso was left single-handed to go on with the war he had declared on Parliament.

Two years later he accepted the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera and went ostentatiously to pay homage to Italian Fascism. Again the "dark destructive influences," as Mr. Sencourt describes them, refused to be swayed by dramatics. The end was at hand.

Only the future can decide whether the hope of Mr. Sencourt will be realized and the people of Spain make reparation "to the blameless Lady and the skilful, devoted, intrepid King who, in poverty, at Fontainebleau, suffer the penalty of having entrusted almost their all to Spain." To the future remains the task of deciding whether or not Mr. Sencourt is justified in saying: "Democratic government is to the Oriental mentality of Spaniards like a drinking bout. They crave it, they imbibe it uproariously in injudicious mixtures; they are paralyzed by it, they vomit it forth, and then they turn away to other things."

WILLIAM F. MONTAVON.

A Constitutional Democrat

Joe Bailey, the Last Democrat, by Sam Hanna Acheson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

NOBODY ever called him "Joe" to his face. Bailey, the only great figure on the Democratic side of the Senate in his time, was a massive, dignified man. When he spoke, not only the galleries but the Senate Chamber was crowded to capacity; and he was the only Democrat in that hag-ridden era to whom every Republican paid the tribute of rapt attention. The big Republican gun was John C. Spooner, whom the Republicans loaded, brought out and fired whenever there was a real battle; and it was a sight for the gods to see the mighty Spooner come rushing in, sit as near Bailey as he could get, and listen to every syllable as to the music of the gods. Both of them were great constitutional lawyers; and it is not surprising to learn from Mr. Acheson that Spooner asked President Taft to appoint this Democrat to the Supreme Court. Taft made the offer, but Bailey refused it on the ground that he did not have the judicial temperament.

He did not have it; he was passionate, fiery, violent even to the physical point. He did not punch; he strangled; and what

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was worse, he always picked out a man smaller than himself. Mr. Acheson glides gracefully over his attempt to strangle Beveridge in the Senate Chamber, without mentioning that Beveridge was about half Bailey's mountainous size. And he makes no mention of his effort to strangle Manning, the son of Governor Manning of South Carolina, at least as small as Beveridge. He could not do it; Manning could not strangle back, but he could punch.

Mr. Acheson not only writes beautifully, but has a diction in which there is hardly ever a slip; a thing not usual in these days. The jacket truly says that his book "vigorously reproduces the heated political atmosphere and rough-and-ready methods of Bailey's times." It delicately eludes the fact that the atmosphere was heated and rough and ready only because Theodore Roosevelt raised a whirlwind.

Bailey passed as an orator, but it was because of his sonorous, bell-like voice; his vocables were commonplace enough. It was not what old Senator Pettus, referring to Beveridge, scornfully called "or-a-to-ry" which made men hang on his words. He was a great and thorough constitutional lawyer, one who could not be moved a jot from what he interpreted the Constitution to be. Mr. Acheson does his best to acquit Bailey of the charges against him, charges not often made against a Southern statesman, and he may be right; but it is queer how frequently Bailey's name was connected with the oil companies. And it is certain that, but for that, Bailey would not have had to leave the Senate.

He quarreled with everybody, including the several Presidents; and yet that defect could not detract a tittle from the almost reverent respect with which Republican and Democratic senators alike cupped their ears lest they miss a word of a Bailey speech. As for his being "the Last Democrat," it is a fact that the Democratic party has gone Hamiltonian, and was doing it even in Bailey's senatorship; but it never moved him from the Constitution as Jefferson had seen it.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Untiring Travel

Gone Abroad, by Charles Graves. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00.

TO A REVIEWER who has "gone abroad" for periods of a year or more, and who therefore knows his scene, this volume is, in so far as it takes him, a sheer delight. One is not told who the author is, but he has "man-of-the-world" writ large on every page of his story of a six-weeks' tour in Belgium and Germany. He has such fullness of knowledge and ready standards of comparison, that he seems to have been everywhere and to know nearly everything within the range of current interest. He slips into an easy, substantial manner, and at once proceeds to take his reader along with him. Therefore the publishers' "blurb"—"Learn the delights of arm-chair travel from this amazing book. The cost of your trip will be less than the price of a passport"—for once in a moon rings true.

Mr. Graves begins his task—if not his tour—in Germany. "Her satisfying size and solidity, her politeness, and her lack of both humor and national resentment, are Germany's most noticeable characteristics. Cologne is nearer London than Berlin. German flats are made of cement. German omnibuses have six wheels. The inhabitants like five-mark pieces, English people, monoplanes, venison and strong men. They dislike plain cooking, make-up, and references to the Polish Corridor."

Again a little farther on: "Germans, I repeat, show no resentment about the war. . . . Their great strength lies in the

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fact that they are not only experimentalists—which in itself would be dangerous—but that they are also specialists. They pigeon-hole their own activities and mind their own business. Thus when I went to the Dog Show in the Austellung in Berlin, there were the Crown Prince and the monarchists, the Communists and the dog enthusiasts. The Communists quarreled quietly in corners with the police. The dog enthusiasts kept their enthusiasm and attention directed on the dogs. The Crown Prince went around with his satellites fawning on him without interference."

In this chatty, interesting style, the author proceeds for nearly three hundred and fifty pages. He is an indefatigable chronicler in that he seems to leave out nothing.

As space forbids more quotations, the headings of Chapter XV, picked strictly at random, will give a bird's-eye view of the work: "Lovely Dresden—The King Who Had 366 Children—Royal Ingenuity. I See Prince Max—Dresden China. When Wagner Was a Red—The Warrant for His Arrest. Even the Gas-House—The Drunk Donkey—What Is the German for Welsh Rabbit—The Zwinger—The Sistine Madonna—Chatty Letters from the Hotel Bellevue."

Not everyone who aspires to write a travel-book can do so. But Mr. Graves can.

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

Persuasive Speech

Persuasive Speech: An Art of Rhetoric for College, by Francis P. Donnelly. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.25.

THIS is a rhetoric text-book. Its author is a man of real ability and long experience as a teacher. The volume at hand will indicate this to those not acquainted with Father Donnelly's previous works.

In a letter written by the author to the reader and placed at the beginning of the book he writes: "Persuasive Speech is intended to be a significant title. In the book persuasion, the great work of oratory, is restored to the position it has held from the beginning and has lost in recent times, when most text-books of rhetoric have omitted persuasion or mistaken its nature or practically identified it with argumentation. Here, however, while every feature of argumentation and every function of speech-composition are treated, the necessary complement of persuasion is also fully discussed."

The author's entire work is a development of what he states as the only one precept of persuasive speech: "Use any and every lawful means available to the spoken word, which will successfully bring the audience to do what you desire."

The clear summaries and numerous exercises and examples will be most helpful to the instructor. Illustrative passages are drawn not only from orators of the past but even from the speeches of Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, which at least will help the student believe that oratory is not meant to be a lost art.

The preachers of the Word will find the art of sacred oratory also treated in this volume. While it is true that the rules of rhetoric, once learned, are best forgotten, still a cursory review of "Persuasive Speech" will of necessity have a salutary effect even on the simple homily to the faithful.

"Persuasive Speech" is in itself a valuable text. If placed in the hands of an instructor with only some of the author's gifts, it may help produce what our age badly needs—men who can inspire others to appreciate the power and beauty of truth.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

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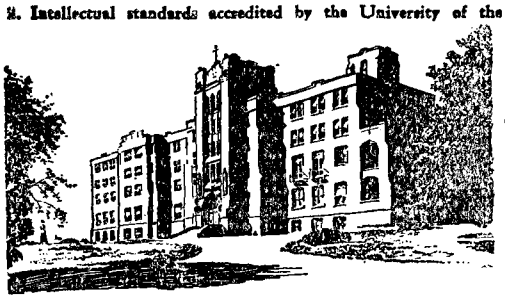

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Briefer Mention

Men and Women of Plantagenet England, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THE ENGLAND which Miss Stuart has elected to describe is, roughly speaking, the country and times of Chaucer, Langland and the Richards two and three. Her title will seem a bit forbidding to Americans only hazily aware of British history, which is a great pity, seeing that her book is written so amiably and lucidly that it might well beguile almost anybody into studying the past. She goes over much the same ground as do the great social histories but is never dependent upon secondary sources. Nor is she even momentarily dull. The controversial sections are written with wise discrimination and sympathy; the illustrations which accompany the text are coherent and separately good. We recommend Miss Stuart's volume to every reader who imagines that work of this kind must be uninteresting. Various chapters tell how the men and women of that far-off time dressed, worked, ate, prayed, amused themselves, conducted business and prepared for the next world. The religious subjects are handled reverently and quite judiciously.

A Shakespeare Handbook, by Raymond Macdonald Alden; revised and enlarged by Oscar James Campbell. New York: Crofts and Company. $1.50.

THE CHIEF thing on Professor Alden's menu is a selective treatment of Shakespeare's sources, so chosen and presented as to enable the student to follow the dramatist at work. This idea is a very good one, particularly in view of the stress now laid on literary development. Nineteen plays are considered as forming the list of those usually studied in college. There are brief chapters on Shakespeare's environment, life, language and grammar. Dramaturgical problems are likewise sketched, and a brief review of extant criticism follows a short bibliography. The book is usable and scholarly.

The Religion of the Kwakiutl Indians (Volume 1, Texts; Volume 2, Translations), by Franz Boas. New York: Columbia University Press. $6.00.

WORKING with truly indefatigable industry, Professor Boas has carried his presentation of source material concerning the culture of the Kwakiutl Indians as far as this volume dedicated to beliefs and prayers. He had the assistance of a semi-Indian pupil, who gathered the texts in British Columbia. These volumes are valuable both to the student of linguistics and those to whom the subject-matter of primitive belief is interesting.

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